

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

The word "SPORTING" is illustrated with a horse and jockey, and "DRAMATIC" with a theatrical scene. The word "NEWS" is flanked by decorative symbols.

No. 310.—VOL. XII.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

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Lessee, Miss FANNY JOSEPHS, Director, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. At 7.30, SUCH A GOOD MAN. Messrs. Maclean, Beveridge, Macklin, and Righton; Miss Fanny Josephs and Mrs. Leigh. 9.30, HUNCHBACK, Burlesque. Misses N. Bromley, Coote, Bruce, &c.; Messrs. Righton, Fisher, Penley, &c.

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DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

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Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, EAST LYNN; at 8.45, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Messrs. Henry Neville, J. G. Taylor, E. H. Brooke, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, A. Greville, H. Cooper, and J. Fernandez. Mesdames Bella Pateman, Lydia Foote, A. Mellon, Harriet Coveney, Maria Harris, Emma Heffer, Jenny Rogers, and Clara Jecks. Stage-Manager, Mr. C. Harris. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking-fees.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

EDGAR BRUCE.—Last nights of CRUTCH and TOOTH-PICK, and BALLOONACY. In consequence of previous arrangements these immensely successful pieces must be withdrawn after Saturday, Jan. 10th. Every Evening, doors open at 7.0, MEM 7 at 7.30. CRUTCH and TOOTH-PICK, by Geo. R. Sims at 7.50, and at 10 the Spectacular Extravaganza BALLOONACY, by F. C. Burnand and H. P. Stephens, Music by Edward Solomon. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, Philip Day, Carton, H. Astley, H. Saker, Wilkinson, Desmond; Mesdames Amalia, Kate Sullivan, Minnie Marshall, Hastings, Vane, Ward, Rose Cullen, &c. Greatly increased chorus. No booking fees. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George Keogh.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—Every evening, at eight, a Play in 5 Acts, entitled THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW, written by Bronson Howard, adapted for the English Stage by James Albery. Messrs. Charles Coghlan, David Fisher, Edmund Leathes, Edward Price, Arthur Dacre, W. Holman, J. Benn, E. Douglas, J. W. Phipps, and G. W. Anson; Mesdames Amy Roselle, W. Emery, M. A. Giffard, and Miss George White.—Box-office open from 11 to 5. No fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. Herman.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—

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Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—The Grand Pantomime, BLUE BEARD RE-WIVED, every evening at 7. Morning Performances, Monday, Dec. 29, and every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 1 o'clock. Children under 10 half-price. Every evening at 7, BLUE BEARD RE-WIVED. Powerful Company, Splendid Spectacles, and Gorgeous Scenery, by Mr. Richard Douglass. Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. John Barnum, Misses Milly Howard, Millie Howes, Madame Sidonie, Madame Perri, and Giovannelli's Pantomimists. Grand Spectacle, The Haunted Blue Chamber, and the Transformation Scene, a Coral Reef.

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THEATRE. Two Performances Daily, at 2 and 7. Every Afternoon the Grand Christmas Comic Double Pantomime, entitled ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP; OR, HARLEQUIN ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES, embracing originality and incidents of a most marvellous character. The scenery is by those eminent artists, Messrs. Dayes and Caney. Characters by Mesdames Grace Arnytage, Josephine St. Ange, Kate Allwood, Maggie Duggan, Alice Mowbray, Edith Clifton, Eugenie Vernie, Norah Wright, Lottie Cleghe, H. Hearne; Messrs. Mat. Robson, C. T. Webber, R. H. Lingham, E. N. Hallows, T. C. Valentine, John Stokes, A. Hyland, W. Reeves, C. Sidney Vernon, James Crookete, A. Lauraine, the Brothers Alvao, &c., &c.; Premiere Danseuses, Misses Elise Hudson and Sophie Guroffi, and the GREAT LITTLE SANDY as Clown. Scenes in the Pantomime: No. 1. The Caves of the Genii; No. 2. Exterior of Widow Twankey's Home; No. 3. The Forest; No. 4. A Back Street in the City. No. 5. The Illuminated Grove of the Enchanted Palace. No. 6. Ante-Room in the Palace. Grand Transformation Scene, entitled THE GENII GLISTENING ARCADES OF LIGHT. The whole produced under the personal superintendence of Messrs. JOHN and GEORGE SANGER. The performance will commence with the Royal Continental and English Circus Company. Clever Riders, astounding Gymnasts, and Mirth-provoking Clowns, headed by the inimitable Little Sandy; also the Marvellous Troupe of Performing Elephants. Private Boxes, 21s. 6d. to Five Guineas; Dress Circle, 4s.; Balcony Stalls, 3s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes and Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; the Great Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children under 12 half-price to Dress Circle, Balcony Stalls, and Boxes. Box-office open 10 till 4. No fees for Booking. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Lingham; Secretary, Mr. A. Browning; General Managers, Messrs. Chas. E. Stuart and Sidney Cooper; Sole Proprietors, Messrs. John and George Sanger.

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THIS week, in consequence of Christmas arrangements, we are obliged to go to press two days earlier than usual, and are therefore under the necessity of postponing notice of Christmas productions until the next number.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

I WONDER whether there is any question of £ s. d. at the bottom of some of the vigorous articles which have been written for and against the decision of the Jockey Club in the St. Augustine case? Most people who have no pecuniary interest in the race will be glad to see that the turf rulers gave their verdict in favour of a gentleman who by every means in his power upholds the character of the national sport, and by refusing to pay, as some of the bookmakers have refused, they have put themselves in a very unfortunate position. The fine of £25 was surely a sufficient punishment for the oversight, and no rule of racing absolutely demanded St. Augustine's disqualification. Readers may be interested to know that the hood or bandage about which all these columns of angry sentences have been written weighed rather more than four and a half ounces and a little less than five.

A VERY famous amateur actor, a friend of mine, was lately asked to sing something at a temperance meeting organised by a teetotal dignitary of the parish in which he lives. He readily consented, appeared upon the platform before the water-drinking audience, and began a rollicking song under the title of "Hand round the bowl of ruddy wine," with, of course, references to "the glowing fruitage of the vine," commendations on those who took advantage of the good things the gods provide, and satirical remarks on "the churl, who loves nor mirth, nor wine, nor girl." For the second contribution he had brought Balfe's "The Glorious Vintage of Champagne," but for some reasons it was omitted, after an interview between him and the dignitary. My friend vows that his choice was made inadvertently, and he admits that perhaps it was not the best of all possible songs for the occasion; there is, however, a twinkle in his eyes as he makes the admission. Another concert is being organised, but up to the latest advices he has not been asked to give his valuable assistance.

MR. BANDMANN not having made an overwhelming success in New York—perhaps, on the whole, having done rather the other thing—has gone to Toronto, and misfortune has pursued him. A fire which broke out there destroyed his wardrobe, and some of the papers are deeply sympathetic. It is sad, they protested, that any man's

wardrobe should be burnt, even Mr. Bandmann's; but an optimist journal points out there is no misfortune without a blessing to compensate somebody or other, and it finds "philosophy and comfort in the reflection that Mr. Bandmann cannot play Hamlet again without it." His loss is the public gain, for there must of necessity be a few nights respite before another attack is made on the Bard.

AN admirable article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some most interesting details on "Yearling Sales in 1879." It appears that the 461 yearlings actually sold made just 86,274 guineas, or 186 guineas each; and this compares very unfavourably with the averages of 210 guineas for 523 yearlings last year, of 250 guineas for 539 yearlings in 1877, of 257 guineas for 495 yearlings in 1876, and of 235 guineas for 505 yearlings in 1875. The absurdity of paying long prices for yearlings, the writer goes on to point out, is invariably illustrated by an examination of the subsequent performances of the batch bought in any one season; and though the 15 colts and fillies sold last season for 20,800 guineas, or 1,387 guineas each, have done better than high-priced animals generally do, the account is still very much on the wrong side. Five of them have never run; five more have run twenty times without success; and the five others have secured seven races, worth £7,253, or about a third of the money paid for the whole lot. One of these is Beadesert, however, who seems to have a brilliant future before him, though the 6 to 1 which has been taken about Bend Or for the Derby seems to show that there is no good reason for the legends which have been current about his training off. In 1877 twenty-one yearlings fetched over one thousand guineas each, their total cost having been 30,670 guineas, or 1,460 guineas each; and it appears that seven of them have not run at all, that ten others have run twenty-four times without success, and that the four others have run forty times and have only won six small races worth £1,332. These twenty-one animals secured as two-year-olds six races, worth £3,211, so that they have won at present £4,543—only a seventh of their original cost, which must have been more than doubled by the expenses of training and engagements. If they were put up to auction tomorrow, it is doubtful whether they would average 300 guineas each; and, as the yearlings of 1876, now four-year-olds, which also cost 30,000 guineas, have only won two or three selling plates between them, the folly of giving such long prices is evident enough. Buying yearlings is, however, another form of gambling, and the off-chance of picking up something wonderful will always induce somebody to give what looks like, and may very probably turn out to be, a ridiculous price.

SOME one has been good enough to send me a copy of a paper called *One and All*, which contains some very clever anagrams, two being on *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which is turned into "Hunt, race, P.R., and staged items it draws not ill." Except that the P.R. appears only in the form of an occasional boxing competition (*vide* Mr. Dadd's drawing last week), this is very good, and better than a companion one which the discoverer has not quite done the best with, for "not all drawing mind—races, stud, tips, theatre," is a more appropriate setting. The prize in the competition is taken with the *Morning Advertiser*, "Gin taverns order it—hem!" which I think less good than either of the two in the *Saturday Review*, "What a rude severity!"—for an opponent of the paper—or "What very true ideas!" for a supporter; and this is hardly equal to the attempt with the *Sporting Times*, which, with more or less truth, turns into "Sets me a right tip."

THIS dialogue has a very natural sound about it. 1ST BOY, meeting a damp and muddy companion, who ought to have been at school and was not. "Where have you been to, Bill?" BILL. "Been fishing." 1ST BOY. "Caught anything?" BILL. "No—but I expect to, when I get home!"

THE writer of some special articles on "Beggars and their Dodges," in the *Standard*, has expressed a suspicion that the organ-grinders of London are responsible for the presence of some of the dead bodies which are at times found in the Thames and never identified. How this may be I do not know, but it seems not improbable that the tables will be turned, and some of the organ-grinders themselves will be slaughtered and set adrift in a barbarous custom of which I have lately seen two examples in the South Kensington district is allowed to gain ground. The other day, while quietly reading a paper, I heard wild yells as of a fellow-creature in dire distress resounding above the aggressive tones of an organ, and rushing hastily out to look for the nearest policeman, I discovered the cause. A grinning Italian was accompanying his instrument with his voice, and when he came to the high notes of "Ah! che la morte," he howled dismally but with distressing power. Mr. W. S. Gilbert is supposed to have a peculiar recipe for taming organ-grinders: he whispers one word in their ears, and they retire writhing; and it may be that my vocal assailant was rejoicing at Mr. Gilbert's absence. Organ men can hardly expect to be allowed to live if they are going to add to the torture they habitually inflict by making bad shots at high tenor notes in husky, weather-beaten, and gin-soddened tones.

It is always just as well to be accurate—in fact, it is always better if one can manage it—and I like to notice the strict regard for truth in a writer who was lately talking about the weather. "In the course of last summer—I am speaking of the year 1877—it was frequently observed," he says, &c., &c. What was observed it does not signify. If the weather chooses to arrange itself on the suggestions of American meteorological prophets it must expect to be spoken of in a rude manner.

M. SARDOU declares that the accounts of his new comedy for the Théâtre Français, *Daniel Rochat*, which has been condemned in advance, are entirely incorrect. I hope

they may be, for if the outline which has been given of the piece contains a semblance of truth it is certain that a dreadfully bad play is forthcoming. The plot, as it has been described, simply turns upon the love affair between a French deputy and an American girl. She wishes to be married in what she regards as a respectable manner. He disbelieves in priests and registrars. She is resolute; he is inclined to yield to her very natural demands, when he meets a friend who tells him a rather aimless story, and then the lover becomes resolute on his side. It is curious that so much circumstantial detail should have been evolved out of the inner consciousness of writers in French papers, and it will be interesting to see how distant it all is from the truth. Happily we are not far enough "advanced" to care for a play the whole point of which, besides possibly smart dialogue, is—that is to say, would have been had the current story proved true—an assault on the truths of Christianity.

A NUMBER of Mr. Henry Leslie's friends, for the most part members of his admirable choir, have conceived the excellent and appropriate idea of presenting a testimonial to him as a slight recognition of his efforts on behalf of choral singing. Mr. Leslie has done much to popularise the study, and perfect the practice, of glee singing; and the notion of the testimonial will be welcomed by all who have the good taste to appreciate and delight in the charming works of our good old English composers—and modern ones also, for some of Mr. J. L. Hatton's glees are among the best of the best. Mr. Leslie himself, Messrs. Sullivan, G. A. Macfarren, Barnby, &c., have done splendid work in this department of art. A committee has been formed under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, and among the members will be found the Earl of Mar, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, the Dean of Westminster, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs. Barnby, S. Arthur Chappell, G. A. Macfarren, Pinsuti, Stainer, Arthur Sullivan, Stanley Lucas, and some half a hundred other well-known names. It need only be added that Mr. John Leader, at 84, New Bond-street, W., will acknowledge subscriptions.

THERE is something grotesquely pathetic about Mr. Charles Dickens's record of the complaint he heard from the old pantomimist who—many years ago—regretted the departure of the palmy days of the drama, and the sad deterioration of theatrical business in modern times; for it is an axiom in the dramatic profession that when anyone has spoken of the "palmy days" of the drama he has invariably referred to a period about a quarter of a century before his own era. "Mr. Dickens," this *laudator temporis acti* observed, "you know our profession, sir—no one knows it better, sir—there is no right feeling in it. I was harlequin on your own circuit, sir, for five-and-thirty years, and was displaced by a boy, sir! a boy!" The old exclamation, "Oh, king, live for ever!" does not apply to harlequins, for a king may be dignified and useful when he is stiff in the joints, and it is not a customary part of a monarch's duties to dive through shop windows with agility.

RAPIER.

RUFF'S.

Ruff's Guide to the Turf, 1879. Winter Edition. Published at the Sportsman Office, London. If enthusiastic authors of Christmas books could feel sure that their productions would receive a hundredth part of the attention that will be given to Ruff, how very happy they would be! But such a hope is, the wiser ones know, out of the question. Of all the Christmas books that are poured out of the press in such ceaseless streams, none has the same certain constituency as the readers of Ruff; for this record of the past is simply indispensable to all who care to remember what has happened on the turf, and—a more important thing still—what is likely to happen next year. To racing men Ruff is the *sine quâ non*. We need surely do no more than announce the publication of the Winter edition, and express a hope that those who study it carefully may find their labours turned to good account next year by the verification of public form.

KEMPTON PARK NOVEMBER HANDICAP.—The following is the official record of the decision in this case:—"Sir W. Lethbridge having, by consent of the stewards of the meeting, appealed to the stewards of the Jockey Club against their decision on the objection made to St. Augustine for the November Handicap, the latter have decided as follows:—"We are of opinion that Section 3 of Rule 34 does not necessarily prescribe disqualification as the penalty for infringement of the rule, and, there being no allegation of fraud or wilful breach of the rule, that St. Augustine is entitled to the race. The stewards fine the trainer £25 for neglecting to weigh in with the hood.—(Signed) HARTINGTON, FALMOUTH (for Sir G. Chetwynd), W. G. CRAVEN."

YACHTING ON THE ICE.—In America, the land of big rivers, big lakes, and big frosts, the sport of yachting on the ice is indulged into a degree which can hardly be realised in Europe. Still, with another severe winter like that of 1878-9, it is probable that many long stretches of water on canals and rivers and lakes will be frozen sufficiently to enable ice-yachts to be employed. Any one who can manage an ordinary sailing boat on water can handle an ice-yacht, the construction of which is very simple. All that is required, says the *Globe*, is a framework roughly resembling the outlines of the gunwale of a boat, with a keel board running longitudinally down the centre. The forepart of the structure is a mere skeleton; the after part must be "decked" so as to form a sort of cabin for the helmsmen to sit in. This is the "boat," which has now to be fitted with "runners" and motive power. The "runners" are three in number, and are made of steel, somewhat similar in shape to the irons of an ordinary skate, only, of course, much larger. One is placed immediately under the stern, is fitted with a tiller, and acts as a rudder. The others are placed one at each end of a beam of wood, called the runner timber, which is about two-thirds the length of the boat, and is fixed at right angles to the keel at the widest part of the bows of the craft, i.e., at about one-third of its length reckoning from the stern-post. The runners at each end of this are, of course, fixed exactly parallel to the keel. Immediately over this cross-timber is placed the mast; a mainsail and foresail comprise the usual rig of such a boat, the "working" of which is exactly the same as that of a similarly rigged vessel in the water. The only difference is in the speed. With a good wind some of the crack American ice-yachts are alleged to have been known to fly along the surface of the smooth ice at a speed of more than 60 miles an hour.

HIGH ART CRITICISM IN AMERICA.

It is Max Adeler who reports the exciting case which follows. The picture mentioned is apparently one in which Mr. Sydney Colvin and his two fellow Slade professors would discover exquisite charms. "Your charge against Mr. Barker, the artist here," said the magistrate, "is assault and battery, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "And your name is—?" "Potts! I am art critic of the *Weekly Spy*." "State your case." "I called at Mr. Barker's studio upon his invitation to see his great picture, just finished, of 'George Washington cutting down the cherry-tree with his hatchet.' Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it to Congress for 50,000dols. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake in making the handle of the hatchet twice as thick as the tree, and in turning the head of the hatchet around so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end, I asked him why he foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his foot was upon the mountain on the other side of the river." "Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?" asked the justice. "Well, he looked a little glum—that's all. And then when I asked him why he put a guinea-pig up in the tree, and why he painted the guinea-pig with horns, he said that it was not a guinea-pig, but a cow; and that it was not in the tree, but in the background. Then I said that, if I had been painting George Washington, I should not have given him the complexion of a salmon brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should have tried not to slue his right eye around so that he could see around the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said, 'Oh, wouldn't you?' Sarcastic, your honour. And I said, 'No, I wouldn't;' and I wouldn't have painted oak leaves on a cherry tree; and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney, or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking a smoke." "Which was it?" asked the magistrate. "I don't know. Nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do. And I told him I thought his best chance was to abandon the Washington idea, and to fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The Boy who Stood on the Burning Deck.' I told him he might paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river so's it would rest somewhere on the burning deck, and maybe he might reconstruct that factory chimney, or whatever it was, and make it the captain, while he could arrange the guinea pig to do for the captain's dog." "Did he agree?" "He said the idea didn't strike him. So then I suggested that he might turn it into Columbus discovering America. Let George stand for Columbus, and the tree be turned into a native, and the hatchet made to answer for a flag, while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he'd be hanged if it should. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Put George in black for the headsman, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary, let the hatchet stand, and work in the guinea-pig and the factory chimney as mourners. Just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore out Washington's near leg, and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for a while, and finally Barker whipped. I am going to take the law of him in the interests of justice and high art." So Barker was bound over, and Mr. Potts went down to the office of the *Spy* to write up his criticism.—MAX ADELER.

PRINCE REUSS, whose family dates from 1121, and who married a circus-rider, Mlle. Clotilde Loisset by name, as has been duly recorded says a contemporary received a severe lecture from his father, whose august features it will no longer be his privilege to contemplate. But being a real genuine Reuss, and entitled to authentic armorial bearings, unlike certain New York and London folk whom we might mention, he will receive a pension from his family on the condition of giving up the title prince and becoming a simple baron. The degradation is not so very great. There are people, including members of our editorial staff, who would gladly abandon their name altogether for a consideration.

MR. SARCEY, it appears, has been calumniated; he is not opposed to the decoration of actors. Still, he thinks that the actors would do better to remain as they are, out of all ranks, and not to let themselves be placed in the hierarchy and regiments of contemporary society. They ought, he thinks, to take advantage of that privilege which poets, writers, and painters enjoyed of old, when, by the very fact that they had no marked rank in the social hierarchy, they were the equals of all. In these days of Democracy, however, there is no reason, good or specious, for not decorating actors; all citizens may aspire on equal terms to the cross of the Legion of Honour. Give the comedians the cross if they want it, and let us hear no more about it.

THE wolves and boars in Upper Alsace are making their appearance in the neighbourhood and villages near Mulhouse. The severe winter has put a stop to their obtaining food in their usual haunts, hence their visits to inhabited sections of the country.

THE Grand National Hunt Rules have received the following additions and alterations:—No jockey shall ride in races under Grand National Rules until he shall have obtained a license from the stewards of the Grand National Hunt Committee, on application at the registry office. No rider will be required to take out a license until the last day of the week in which he shall have ridden a winner for the first time. Every jockey shall, on application for a license, furnish Messrs. Weatherby with his full name and address. A list of the licensed jockeys shall be published annually in the *Racing Calendar*. Any rider who shall infringe these rules will be reported to the stewards of the Grand National Hunt Committee, who may suspend him from riding. Any owner, or trainer, or both, who shall knowingly employ an unlicensed jockey, shall be fined not less than £25 each. 39 (iii.). In estimating the value of a race there shall be deducted the amount of the winner's own stake and entrance, and any money payable to other horses, or out of the stakes by the conditions of the race, or by the general conditions of the meeting, except discount, clerks' fees, stakeholding, and weighing fees. 88. It is optional for the jockey to weigh out or in with his bridle, and the clerk of the scales shall allow one pound for a curb or double bridle. In the event of the jockey not being able to draw his weight with the one pound for a curb bridle, he shall have the option of weighing in with his bridle; but no weight shall be allowed for a snaffle bridle unless it is put into the scales before the horse is led away, and no whip or substitute for a whip shall be allowed in the scales. 163. Horses for hunters' races on the flat must be ridden by persons qualified under Rule 160, by farmers or their sons, or persons elected annually as qualified riders.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(From a Painting by Professor Mintrop.)

HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE STORY OF A POOR PLAYER IN THE YEAR 1648.

THE New Year began badly. King Charles I. was a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight. And the dominant party in our triumphant Parliament sternly resolved that he should be brought to trial, while in their hearts he was already condemned to death.

Outside the Houses men as brave and earnest as those within them believed that deposing the King would create another civil war, more cruel, terrible, and bloody than that which had given the Independents power. Knitting their brows and playing with their sword-hilts, they said, "Although England would have no King without a Parliament, England will have no Parliament without a King!"

So Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the Parliament's request, sent down for its protection two regiments of stout, God-fearing troopers, approved in valour and fidelity. The government of the sword commenced.

This was on the thirteenth of January in the year sixteen hundred and forty-eight.

A stirring time for England, full of perplexity and trouble, a time of great gloom and terror. Mourners for the slain were in every home; widows and orphans were never so numerous. Crowds of gentlemen who a year or so before were wealthy, wandered in wretchedness and misery, begging their bread. By wintry firesides, and in roadside taverns and hostels, in market-places, and wherever else the people congregated, their

voices were subdued by awe and wonder as they talked of omens direful in import, and prophesied a year of trouble and disasters even worse than those which had departed.

In the early twilight preceding the long cold evenings, from the glowing windows of fire-lit halls and cottages, sombre prophets looked into the misty air, dreaming of strange sights, listening for mysterious sounds. They saw the flash of noiseless cannon fiery red against rolling storm clouds, saw huge masses of armed men in rapid motion to and fro, or sweeping through the drifting smoke of battle one against another. Some in the obscurity of early morning saw three suns, ghostly images, dim, white, and devoid of heat, rising in the place of one. Some watching the crimson orb of day as it sank into a sea of dull red blood observed a second sun descending with the first. Others, sleepless with fear and anxiety, pointed with trembling fingers to the midnight sky, where they saw, sickly and pale, amidst the jagged edges of wind-torn clouds, dimly, yet distinctly, two moons! And many another sight as weirdly strange moved them to terror. The news-letters were full of such things; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer, writing of them, said:—

"I forbear all further discourse thereof, assuring the kingdom these prodigies are the premonitors and assured infallible messengers of God's wrath."

And so they seemed to be, for all through that year troubles and disasters thickened about the unhappy people of England. In the early spring large bodies of men sprang up in every part of the kingdom, armed for the King. Wales rebelled against the Parliament and put an army in the field under those gallant officers, Colonels Poyntz, Ponder, and Powell. The freeholders

of Surrey petitioned the Houses on the King's behalf, and the city of London was for two days in possession of a loyal mob. Half the fleet sailed away to the coast of Holland to make the Prince of Wales its admiral. Scotland invaded England in the name of the Stuart, with an army of 16,000 men under the Duke of Hamilton. By midsummer the Civil War raged with all its old fury and obstinacy. The men of Essex, a few years before the most devoted of the Parliament's adherents, rose against it in a body. The gentry and freeholders in Kent armed and came out in the Royal cause. A little army from the Southern counties encamped on Blackheath, where a crowd of players from the once joyous Bankside again drew sword and marched with them for the rescue of the King whose sworn servants they were, and it was "Hey Cavalier!" and "Ho Cavalier!" and "Ha! comrade mine!" whenever they met. And then what back-slapping and hand-wringing, what hearty jolly greetings, what laughter, and what a reviving of old memories and telling of old stories made the hours fly, as they marched together, or sat beside the camp fires, or fled in search of hiding from godly and merciless conquerors, for their foes of the Parliament swept its enemies before them. They talked of good old stage-players slain in fight, of good old days before stage-plays and interludes had been cruelly suppressed. They cursed the Long Parliament for its Ordinance of 1647, and they moaned over the pulling down of the stages, seats, and galleries in the fine old theatres on the Bankside. In the chilly, wet nights, when the cold winds blew, they remembered them standing desolate and deserted, with broken, dirty windows, and shattered doors, looming up over the roofs of the straggling lanes and houses beside the ghastly river, ghost-like and tall in



"HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER"

their mantles of winter mist. They pictured themselves once more on their boards, clad in the King's rich liveries, admired and envied, while applause thundered, and all around plumes drooped and diamonds flashed, and the gallants of the Court smoked in languid ease, and as in the play they spoke soft speeches, full of passionate love, wooing eyes sought eyes as bright and tender, looking the very words their poet wrote.

"Ah!" cried Hal Lowther, with a sigh, "but we serve our master still, good men and true! There's never a coward or traitor in our ranks, poor players though we be!" For then, as now, the player lacked no will to glorify himself and his profession, and, by my faith! it needed champions in the melancholy days of which I write, as it often has done since.

Defeated by Fairfax, at Maidstone, the player-soldiers fled and joined Lord Goring in his march upon London. Driven off once more they sought refuge in Colchester, wherein they endured all the miseries and hardships of its famous siege. Three thousand foot and one thousand horsemen were shut up with the wretched inhabitants within the stout walls of that ancient town, raw, undisciplined, heterogeneous forces called together from workshop, barn, and plough, and servants' hall, unversed in arms, untrained, but fierce and resolute, and honest to the core. Genial and merry Hal Lowther they made a quarter-master.

Opposed to them stood a brave and experienced general, Sir Thomas Fairfax, with men trained in the school of war, hardened, tried, and fully disciplined, companions of many a desperate fight, the conquerors of Marston Moor and Naseby's

bloody field. Ireton and Fleetwood were there with Cromwell's ironides. Whalley with his bold dragoons, Scroope with his famous flying squadron, the hardy troopers of Eavers, and Train Bands from the Tower of London, with others as worthy such companionship in arms.

On the one side there was confidence, enthusiasm, ample supplies of ammunition, food, and forage, reinforcements awaiting their beck or marching in triumph to their aid.

On the other side all these things were scarce in quantity, and as it seemed could not be increased, so that, stand or fall, they would be alone. Undaunted by such desperate odds, the cavaliers worked and fought raising in haste and desperation, new forts, strengthening old walls, and holding the foe at bay at every point. The siege, which lasted until the 27th of August, became world-famous. Those who sang in one of the many similar popular ballads of the time,

Hold out then stiffly, Colchester! and be
A miracle to all posterity,

went mad with exultant joy as week by week of bloody fighting and struggling passed and the ancient town still held out.

It was a dreary season, and the rain rained every day. The Roundheads gave the suburbs to the flames, and scattered homeless women and children who went forth wailing and weeping to seek their daily bread. The camps were mere sloughs of despond. On either side strange stories of savage rage and cruelty intensified the hate each bore for each. The Cavaliers said the Roundheads killed their prisoners after giving quarter, and defaced the dead bodies of gentlemen who

fell in skirmishing. The Roundheads said the bullets of the Cavaliers were poisoned that the wounded might not escape death. Ladies, made bold by starvation or confident in the gallantry of brave soldiers, rode out of the town to reach their friends beyond the enemies' lines, and were sent back. Three months of toil and fighting and bad stormy weather brought famine and sickness. Horseflesh was precious food. Not a dog was left uneaten, and six shillings was offered for part of a mere puppy. The starving citizens clamoured for surrender, and had to be suppressed by force. Hal wept as with a sore heart he forced back the women and children who impeded his comrades' marching. Frantic for food, they cast themselves on the ground before the gaunt, hungry-eyed soldiers of the King as they went to charge with push of pike, because the ammunition was so scarce. A skeleton-like woman having an infant at her breast went with a throng of little white-faced children crying about her out to where the Roundhead sentinels guarded their lines. Her entreaties, anguish, and despair were vain; a guard of soldiers compelled them to return. There was no pity here, nothing but hate and savageness.

Hal and some of his troop seeing a Roundhead trooper's horse fall, ventured their lives by rushing out to drag it in. The Roundheads drove them from the body with a shower of bullets.

"We had better be shot than starve," said Hal, with a grim smile, and he went out again to cut some pieces from the dead horse and bring them in. He ran fast, and the leaden shower

whistled past his ears from front, right, and left. He was returning unhurt, but in a twitter of terror, when four others dashed past with the same intention. Of these three were shot dead.

On August 24th came the news of the Scotch defeat, and the Parliamentarians welcomed it with a volley fired three times along their entire line, in token of rejoicing. A sound of dire dismay to the defenders of Colchester were those three rattling joy peals.

At last the hopeless task was abandoned by the desperate Royalists, and as a reward for all their patient and heroic sufferings and strivings came the triumphal entry of Sir Thomas Fairfax and his army amidst the wreck of a stately and flourishing town, amidst gaunt forms, wasted by famine, sickness, and war, shattered smoke-blackened walls, and a population shouting and wild with joy at their timely escape from lingering and cruel death.

Hal Lowther stood sullenly by when Sir Charles Lucas was shot on a spot in the castle moat, which a white stone let into the earth marks to this very day. Often afterwards when he sat in the firing-room amongst his mates did he enact the last scene of that grim tragedy, standing as Sir Charles stood, and moving all present to tears as he calmly repeated the hero's last brave words, ending with a sudden outburst of defiance, as he drew himself up, and laying his bosom bare, exclaimed,—

"Now, rebels! do your worst."

Then he told how Sir George Lisle took his place, and after kissing the cheek of his dead friend with most reverent affection knelt in prayer, and then rising and seeing how dark the evening had become, bade the soldiers who were to shoot him come nearer.

"I'll warrant ye, sir, we'll hit you," said one.

"I have been nearer you, friend, when you missed me," smilingly said Sir George, and then he, too, bade them do their worst, and so was shot.

Most of Hal Lowther's companions were transported beyond the seas, and sold into slavery on the plantations, but many were sent to long confinement in different prisons, beaten, ill-fed, and sourly treated in every way, and of these he was one.

Christmas came again, but in those times of Puritan ascendancy it was no season of rejoicing. Those mirthful, innocent gatherings which brought jolly old customs, and filled the heart with kindly sympathies and charitable desires, were perforce abandoned. No holly adorned the walls, no mistletoe brought blushes and merry dimples to the cheek of beauty; there was no graceful dancing, no outburst of happy joy-bells, no ushering in with trumpet sounds of huge boars' heads. Carols called no blessings down, or shielded from "dismay" the "merry gentlefolks." No feasts were made for the poor, who had in the old times, once a year at least, enjoyed good fare. No tenants came in "with a merry, merry noise;" no yule logs blazed, and in the hall no "beards wagged all" at the board where the humblest met to share the overflowings of the rich man's board. The maidens adorned no wassail bowls with bright ribbons to bear it gaily from door to door. The Puritan's law had made Christmas Day one of melancholy fasting and self-abasement.

And in Lynn, where poor Hal Lowther sat, chained by the legs in his damp and dismal dungeon, Christmas was far more dull and wretched than it was elsewhere. Looking at the mouldy loaf and icy draught of water, none too clean, which his jailor placed before him, he raised his brows, pursed up his lips, and, shrugging his shoulders, cried—

"And THAT'S my Christmas dinner!"

And his Christmas dinner it was, and a better Christmas dinner he never had, for in that loaf were concealed the means whereby he picked the lock of his chains, loosened the bars of his prison window, and, escaping, joined Prince Charlie in Holland, where he was heartily welcomed, well clad, well fed, and finally brought back to England and the stage in the retinue of Charles II. There was a lady in the case of course. In happier days she had seen him play Romeo at the Globe, and in the tenderness of that recollection she played her part, and sent him—

HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A. H. WALL.

DRAMA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THE reappearance of Mr. Tennyson as a dramatist is a notable event, and a brilliant audience assembled in the St. James's Theatre to witness the first production of his new one-act play, *The Falcon*. It is founded upon one of the most familiar novels in the "Decameron," the ninth of the fifth day, which, it will be remembered, was used by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," while it has been dramatised by Barry Cornwall, and utilised for operatic purposes by Gounod. The story is a simple one, and is thus described in the introduction to it, as given in the translation edited by Mr. T. Wright:—"Federigo being in love without meeting with any return, spends all his substance, having nothing left but one poor hawk, which he gives to his lady for her dinner when she comes to his house; she knowing this changes her resolution, and marries him, by which means he becomes very rich." That hardly tells the whole story, however, for the lady comes to Federigo's cottage to ask for his hawk to give to her sick son, the lad having taken a fancy to it, while the knight is overwhelmed at the thought that he cannot grant the only request she has ever made to him, as he has just had his beloved bird cooked for her meal. The lady is so struck with his devotion that she falls at his feet and his love is to be at last rewarded. Such in brief is the story, and it will be seen that it is by no means dramatic, though it is poetical and romantic. What kind of a play, then, has Mr. Tennyson made of it? The answer is that *The Falcon* hardly deserves to be called a play at all. It is a stage poem, smoothly and evenly written, well adapted for drawing-room recitation, but it lacks dramatic interest; there is no situation in it of which the actors can make anything, and it is pretty rather than powerful. And it must be said also that while here and there a striking line or two occurs, the verse is hardly up to the level of Mr. Tennyson's work, while the introduction of a facetious serving-man, an indifferent copy of one of Shakespeare's most didactic clowns, jars upon us considerably, and detracts from the idyllic calm of the poem.

We may quote one or two of the most striking couplets. Thus for example, when Monna Giovanna, the lady, comes to Sir Federigo, he says:—

My palace wanting you was still a cottage,
My cottage now you come is grown a palace.

When he describes how he secured a wreath she had carelessly dropped in old days—

I wore the lady's chaplet round my neck,
It served me for a blessed rosary.

Then, again, when he describes his lady's blush, he says—

Her colour, which has coloured all my life,
Flushed in her cheek.

The Lady Giovanna, when touched by the evidences of the Knight's kindness and devotion to her, exclaims—

No other heart
Of such magnificence of courtesy
Beats out of Heaven.

The poem was admirably interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the principal parts. Mr. Kendal has seldom appeared to greater advantage than as the knight, Federigo. He looked the character to the life, and played in a gallant and romantic fashion, doing all, indeed, that was possible with so colourless a part. The chivalrous devotion of the lover, and the high-bred courtesy that shone out in all his actions, were most happily expressed, and fully realised for us the mediæval knight. Mrs. Kendal, too, deserves high praise for her impersonation of the Lady Giovanna. She invested the part with all due dignity and stateliness, and there was genuine tenderness too when she finally yielded to the knight's patient love. Mr. Denny did his best with the serving-man, Filippo, whose jokes are so wearisome, and Mrs. Gaston Murray gave a clever rendering of the part of the knight's old nurse. The scenery and dresses had been supervised, so said the playbill, by Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., and bore evidences of his archaeological knowledge and correct taste. Messrs. Hare and Kendal are to be congratulated on having induced the Laureate once more to write for the stage, and they have secured from him a pleasing and interesting poem. But it must be said, with all respect for Mr. Tennyson's genius, that, judged from a dramatic standpoint, *The Falcon* is a very unsatisfactory work.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD is now director of the Olympic, and he has opened his campaign with a new comedy drama in three acts, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, entitled *Such a Good Man*. We are introduced in the first act to Sir Jacob Escombe, Bart., M.P., a contractor, who is a selfish humbug, believed to be a millionaire, but in reality on the verge of bankruptcy. He has a managing clerk, an elderly man, named John Gower, who has invented a wonderful machine, which will bring in so much money that the impending catastrophe can be averted. But John loves Rose, Escombe's niece, and her hand is to be the price of the machine. Though Rose is in love with Julian Cartaret, Escombe's ward, he hands her over to Gower, and thus ends the first act. In the second John Gower is undeceived; his machine is complete, but he overhears Rose and Julian Cartaret make an avowal of mutual love; he finds out that the baronet deceived him, and, in rage and despair, he destroys the work of his life. In the last act Sir Jacob takes leave of his servants, and is going through the Bankruptcy Court with saintly resignation, for, as he explains to Rose, they will not be so poor—a great contractor's insolvency is not like that of a miserable greengrocer's. John Gower, who has left his friends, is found by Cartaret and restored to them, but the shock he experienced has so upset him that he cannot remember the principal of the invention he destroyed. Luckily, however, Cartaret has taken notes of it, and now brings him back to health and happiness by showing him another completed model like the one he broke. The two are to go into partnership, and Cartaret and Rose are to marry, while it is not quite clear what is to become of the philanthropic Sir Jacob, but we may suppose he is not to be quite forgotten in the prosperous days that are in store for the other characters. The comedy is smoothly and neatly written, and though the incidents are hung on a rather slender thread the play is interesting and in many parts affecting. Mr. Beveridge played John Gower carefully and well, and Mr. Maclean gave a very clever and consistent sketch of Sir Jacob Escombe, by no means an easy part to play. Mr. Macklin and Miss Fanny Josephs were wholly satisfactory as the pair of lovers, and Mr. Righton in a low comedy character, that of a gentleman who is first a secretary to a bubble company and then a turf prophet, provided considerable merriment. Mrs. Leigh completed the cast, and like the others concerned in the play acquitted herself well. Without being a strong piece, *Such a Good Man* is very much above the average of the new dramas which we are accustomed to witness nowadays.

WE have announced in these columns most of the Christmas pieces to be performed at the theatres, but it will probably interest our readers if we give a final summary.

THE Drury Lane pantomime by the Brothers Grinn is on the subject of *Blue Beard*.

At Covent Garden *Sindbad the Sailor* is the subject chosen by Mr. Frank Green.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD produces at the Gaiety a spectacular extravaganza by Mr. Byron which deals with *Gulliver's Travels*.

THE Imperial Theatre gives us a pantomime entitled *Little Red Riding Hood and Little Boy Blue*, and a new drama by Mr. Herman Merivale will be produced a few days afterwards.

MRS. BATEMAN's pantomime at New Sadler's Wells deals with the popular subject *The Forty Thieves*, and will doubtless delight young Islington.

MR. HOLLAND always makes a specialty of his pantomimes, and Mr. McArdle's *Aladdin* is likely to be as popular as its predecessors.

THE same "Arabian Nights" story will do duty at Sanger's, where it has been arranged by Mr. H. Spry.

Cinderella is the title of the Marylebone pantomime, and *Bluff King Hal* that of the Christmas Annual at Messrs. Cave and West's other theatre, the Victoria.

Blue Beard Re-wired will be given at the Standard, and the Messrs. Douglass also produce *Beauty and the Beast* at the Park Theatre.

MRS. LANE's Christmas piece is entitled *The Shepherd's Star*, and the Grecian gives us *Rokoko, or the Rock Fiend*, in which Mr. George Conquest appears.

THE Vaudeville re-opens with *The Road to Ruin*, and two new one-act pieces—the first a comedietta by Mr. Rae, and the second a farce by Messrs. Dille and Clifton.

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD opens at the Connaught on Boxing Night in *Alone and Black Eyed Susan*.

MR. MACCARE opens at the Agricultural Hall in his popular entertainment *Begone Dull Care*.

MR. CORNEY GRAY, the "legitimate successor of John Parry," as he might fairly call himself, did he condescend to such a *réclame*, will on Boxing Day give us a new musical sketch, entitled *Master Tommy's At Home*, which is sure to be delightfully humorous.

MR. EDMUND F. DAVIS, of St. Peter's, Thanet (the Liberal candidate for East Kent), has just obtained the lease of the handsome chambers of the late Mr. Lionel Lawson in Brook-street, Hanover Square.

THE Christmas Number of Messrs. Chappell's Musical Magazine is a wonderful shilling's worth, containing waltzes by Waldteufel, Lamothe, and Metra; quadrilles by D'Albert and F. Godfrey, polkas, galops, &c., all of which are musically attractive, and are also admirably suitable for ball-room purposes.

MUSIC.

AS usual at Christmas time, pantomime is in the ascendant, and entertainments of a purely musical kind are suspended.

ON this day fortnight, the musical history of the year 1880 will commence with the opening performance of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre. The London rehearsals of the company commenced on Monday last, and will be held daily during the ensuing fortnight. *Rienzi* will again afford a treat to the lovers of grand spectacular opera; *Carmen* will be revived on Monday, Jan. 12, with Mme. Selina Dolaro, Miss Julia Gaylord, Signor Leli and Mr. Walter Bolton in the rôles they filled with remarkable success last season, and on the following night the English version of *Mignon* will be produced for the first time in London, with Miss Gaylord in the title character—said by the provincial press to be one of her most successful impersonations—and Miss Georgina Burns, as Filina, a rôle well calculated to display the vocal abilities and charming voice of this fast-rising young artist. In the same week *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Goetz, will be produced, and the English version of *Aida* will soon afterwards follow. Mlle. Minnie Hauk will, for the first time in England, impersonate *Aida*, a rôle in which she is said to have been successful on the Italian stage abroad; Miss Yorke is likely to prove an excellent Amneris, and Radames will find a highly qualified representative in Mr. Maas, who, in many important respects, is beyond rivalry on the modern operatic stage. A copious supply of other operas will be furnished by Mr. Carl Rosa's extensive repertory, and in addition to the popular leading artists, whose names are familiar to metropolitan amateurs, several artists new to London will seek for similar marks of favour to those they have already gained during the long provincial tour of the company. Amongst them will be Mlle. Albu, a light soprano of more than ordinary gifts and acquisitions, and of other new comers report has spoken highly. One thing is certain, Mr. Carl Rosa's name is a sufficient guarantee that every opera produced under his management will be worthily presented. We shall not only have competent exponents of leading rôles, but there will be efficiency in every department. To say nothing of the splendid band, composed of our first instrumentalists, it will be a source of gratification to musicians to listen once more to the Carl Rosa chorus, which last season showed how—under the guidance of a true musician—choristers could be made to sing with those delicate gradations of light and shade which are usually expected from none but highly-trained glee and madrigal singers. Should the ensuing operatic season at Her Majesty's Theatre attain the success which it seems certain to merit, an important advance will have been made in the cause of English Opera. When standard operas, performed in the English language, mainly by English artists, are found to be at least as acceptably presented as when given on the Italian stage, the door will be opened for the arrival of English composers, and the scanty repertory of purely English operas will rapidly be enriched.

MR. MAPLESON has just completed arrangements for his Annual Provincial Concert Tour, which will commence about the 5th of January. The company will comprise Mme. Marie Rôze, Mlle. Darialli, and Mme. Ilma di Murska, also Signor Tecchi, Mr. Carleton, and Signor Susini; the instrumentalists are Mlle. Sacconi and Professor Hill. Signor Tecchi, Mr. Carleton, and Signor Susini have been great favourites in the United States, likewise Professor Hill, who will undertake the duties of conductor. In Mlle. Sacconi Mr. Mapleson has secured one of the ablest Harpists in Europe. Mme. Marie Rôze's recent brilliant successes in London, at Her Majesty's Opera, which must be fresh in the minds of all lovers of music, have made her popularity greater than ever. The programme will be a varied and attractive one, and will comprise in addition to operatic selections some new English compositions.

THE London Ballad Concert Season at St. James's Hall will recommence on Wednesday, Jan. 14. A special Ballad Concert will be given on Saturday, January 3.

THE Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will recommence on Monday, Jan. 5.

THE Philharmonic Society's Season will commence on Thursday, Feb. 5, at St. James's Hall.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society's next concert will be given at Exeter Hall, Friday, Jan. 16.

THE Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will resume its public performances on Thursday, Jan. 22.

MME. SAINTON-DOLBY's ability as a teacher of vocalisation was attested last week at a concert given in Steinway Hall. All the singers were pupils of the great English contralto, and each of them sang with a purity of taste which reflected great credit on their instructress.

THE Royal Academy Students' Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall, on Saturday last, afforded abundant testimony to the excellence of the instruction imparted by Professor G. A. Macfarren and his able coadjutors. A MS. overture in C minor, composed by Mr. C. T. Speer, a pupil of the R.A.M., and a scena, "Hero and Leander," composed by another pupil, Mr. G. A. Thomas, and sung by Miss Ambler, were amongst the most interesting features in a highly interesting concert. The overture showed a considerable amount of originality, combined with sound workmanship, and was excellently played by the orchestra, led by M. Sainton, and conducted by Mr. Walter Macfarren. The scena won well-merited applause, and future compositions from the pen of Mr. G. A. Thomas will be welcomed. A remarkable success was made in Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Willow Song" by Miss Mackenzie, a young lady who is fortunate in possessing a contralto voice of unusually fine quality. Without entering further into details, it may be said at once that the concert was highly creditable to the R.A.M., and gratifying to all who take an interest in the prosperity of that admirably conducted institution.

THE Earl of Dunmore, who is not only one of the most distinguished, but the most fertile of our amateur composers, has written the music of an opera entitled *Crescenica*. The chief rôle is intended for Mme. Trebelli, who last week sang one of the arias, "Prostat vidi," at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, Liverpool. The orchestra was conducted by Lord Dunmore, who was warmly greeted, and the aria was heartily applauded.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has withdrawn his name from the list of directors of the Royal Academy of Music.

THE old "Limmer's," which vanished some few years ago and left behind it so many traditions of the pugilistic and other sporting celebrities who frequented it in the early days of the present century, has given place to a new and handsome building, more suitable as a hostelry in these modern times, constructed upon the old site in George-street, Hanover-square.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—Cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing (recognised and recommended by the Medical Faculty). No other remedy is half so effective. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d.—[ADVT.]

BY DR. LOCKOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Mr. Parkinson, M.P.S., 450, Oldham-road, Manchester, writes.—"Dec. 10, 1879. I can with confidence recommend the Wafers to persons suffering from Coughs, and Difficulty of Breathing. They taste pleasantly." Price 1s. 1½d. per box.—[ADVT.]

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

GREAT success has attended the institution of the Leicestershire Cricket Club Challenge Cup by the committee of the County Ground, Aylestone-road, Leicester, the conditions being that the trophy shall be competed for by clubs within a radius of four miles. Nine societies have sent in their names and have been drawn to compete as follows:—June 5, South End *versus* Wigston Royal Blues; June 12, Aylestone *v.* Ivanhoe; June 19, Leicester *v.* Belvoir; June 26, Eagle *v.* Temperance; Ansty *a* bye.

Cricketers have their Zulu heroes as well as the followers of other sports, and amongst them I may notice Major-General Marshall, "Fred Marshall," of the 2nd Life Guards, and late President of the Surrey County Club; and Frank N. Streatfield, formerly of Kent, and now Commandant of the Fingo Levies, who are amongst those selected to receive the order of St. Michael and St. George, for good service in the recent campaign.

Yet another best on record has been beaten, as at Roehampton on Saturday last, G. A. Dunning, of the Clapton Beagles, who had 50sec start, won by thirty yards or so in 26min 43sec the Thames Hare and Hounds Handicap Steeplechase, No. 29, thus defeating W. Slade's time, which has stood for so long a period. W. J. P. Stephens, Hampstead Hare and Hounds, 4min 30sec, was second; S. A. Bennett, Blackheath Harriers, 4min 5sec, third; P. H. Stenning, Thames Hare and Hounds, 45sec, fourth; and J. A. Voelcker, 4min 50sec, fifth, the remainder of a numerous field coming home in straggling order.

Eleven members of the newly formed Alliance A.A.C. on Saturday last competed at the Tufnell Park Grounds in a One Mile Sealed Handicap, and W. E. Robinson, allowed 25sec, won first prize, time 5min 42sec, and F. Richardson, scratch, the second time, 5min 36sec.

After a couple of postponements, the Hampton Court Hare and Hounds Members' Steeplechase was decided on Saturday, C. L. Miles, 2min 25sec start, doing the estimated four miles and three-quarters in 29min 38sec, being followed home by W. T. Hickman, 3min start, and J. B. Carter, 4min 50sec.

Several cross-country packs, both in the Metropolitan district and provinces, were out, but ordinary runs of no interest out of the select circle of the members took place.

Emmett and Thomas are getting themselves as fit as they can under existing circumstances for their match over the championship course, but naturally are both on the big side at present.

Billiards have been slacker of late, but Mitchell and Joseph Bennett have played two entertainments, one at Birmingham and the other at Chelmsford, Bennett winning the first match by 302 points, and the second by 200 on level terms. Mitchell, however, beat F. Storey by 179 in 1,000, conceding 300 points start; and Collins has failed to give G. Hunt 70 in 700, the receiver of points winning by 128.

Football players have been able to have a fair turn since my last, and on Saturday in the second round of the Association Cup ties Hendon beat Mosquitoes by 7 goals to 1; Clapham Rovers, Norwood by four goals to nil; and Grey Friars, Gresham by nine to nothing. Derby beat Oswestry in the Birmingham Challenge Cup second ties by four to one, and the first match between North Wales and Cheshire was won by the Welshmen, who gained three goals to one.

EXON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AUSTRALIAN DINGO.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Having seen in your valuable paper one or two letters about the dingo dog of Australia, I venture to send a few lines concerning one of these animals if you think it worth while to print them. I happened to be at Sydney, N.S.W., in 1869, on board one of Her Majesty's frigates, and a messmate of mine was presented with one of these dogs, which proved a great source of amusement to us in our long cruises. The animal in question was about the height of a full-sized collie dog, and of much the same build, but very lithe and active, of a light yellow colour with a magnificent bushy tail. He was extremely fond of chasing a fox-terrier we had round the decks, which small animal, when caught, used to bite him viciously, but with no effect, as his skin was very tough. Raw meat was his favourite food, unless he could get at some parrots we had on board, which he used to devour, feathers and all. He met his fate in England, as getting loose one night he worried a flock of sheep, and suffered the usual penalty at the hands of the infuriated owner.—I enclose my card, and am, yours, &c.,

Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall.

R. N.

P.S.—The dingo in the Zoological Gardens is not to be compared with my friend's, who was only about nine months old.

THE Country Pocket Book and Diary for Reference and Registration, 1880, published at the office of *The Bazaar*, is, as it was last year, a little work of great value and comprehensive usefulness, containing, in addition to the usual pages for memoranda, engagements, &c., a great variety of information for sportsmen.

THE Lord Mayor has consented to become a patron of the third performance in aid of the Printers' Dramatic Pension, originally promoted by Mr. George J. Dawson. The performance is arranged to take place in March next. £200 has been already realised for this highly deserving object. The Duke of Cambridge has also kindly promised his patronage.

L. S. AND Co. (Limited) have issued an admirable suspending paper-rack of a strong and ornamental character, filled with squares of waste or curl-paper.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ART UNION OF LONDON.—Although the sum subscribed for the year now closing (£12,482 8s.) shows a small decrease on that of last year, considering the depressed state of trade and the long period of such depression, there is every reason for congratulating the committee upon so favourable a report. The list of prizes, 630 in number, cannot fail to prove attractive, the reserve fund is a sum of £21,741 19s. 9d., and the subscribers' plate is an admirable and very faithful copy, engraved from the late E. M. Ward's famous painting, "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield," a picture of almost Hogarthian power, and full of dramatic force. Mr. Stocks, the engraver, has achieved no mean triumph in so accurately and conscientiously reproducing the effect, textures, expressions, and the general character of Mr. Ward's fine work.

MESSRS. LETTS'S always-excellent Diaries for the New Year are, as usual, of the most varied and useful kind and of all the sizes, shapes, and descriptions most in demand, some being small enough for the waistcoat pocket, others suitable for the desk, for the office, for the home, and for both sexes. From the same firm we have received a specimen of the "Family Washing Book," containing domestic recipes for various useful purposes connected with its purpose, and blank check and counter-foil for one year's use. An admirable "Rough Diary and Scribbling Journal," and a combined table diary and blotting pad—a most serviceable article.

TURFIANA.

If roaring be really such a bugbear as we see it constantly described and on the increase among our thoroughbreds, then we unhesitatingly assert that it is nothing short of a national calamity for Preston Pans to have shown such excellent form last season as to entitle his claims to Derby honours to the gravest consideration. Should he happen to win that race, we shall probably be treated to the humiliating spectacle of seeing the rankest roarer of modern days with a subscription list full at 100 guineas! Such is public infatuation, that breeders would probably fight over nominations to Prince Charlie, and this in the face of all that has been said and written concerning the so-called curse of the equine race—the roaring infirmity. It must be against all common sense and common prudence thus absolutely to court the hereditary disease of roaring; and it quite passes our comprehension how people can be found to pay 50 guineas for the privilege of almost certain transmission to the produce of their mares of a wind disease. We write these words advisedly, and with the full knowledge that Prince Charlie, so far as make and shape are concerned, can hold his own against any horse in England, nor are we forgetful of the chesnut's doughty deeds while in training, while his blood is all that can be desired. Still there can be no doubt that the "Prince of the T.Y.C." was a "ripe and good" roarer even from his birth, moreover that his brethren are most of them musically inclined, and, worst of all, that we have terrible warnings of what we may expect in the cases of Reconciliation, Pride of the Highlands, and other scions of the redoubtable Prince. These considerations should certainly deter breeders; but, doubtless, many will be found even now to cast themselves into the "imminent deadly brach," and to run the risk for the sake of getting a yearling that will sell at a good price on the strength of its relationship to Preston Pans.

We are not so uncharitable as to wish anything but well to so good and staunch a sportsman as Mr. F. Gretton, but it is likely to be a source of anxiety to his trainer as to whether his charge may not become afflicted with the bane which has destroyed the prospects of so many Derby cracks before him. Exceptions there will be, and we trust Preston Pans may be one of such; but, nevertheless, if Prince Charlie is to become a fashionable sire, then good-bye to all preconceived notions of soundness being indispensable to producers of thoroughbred stock. The accusation of roaring has heretofore been the excuse for reducing the highest class performer to the lowest selling plate form (as a progenitor of his species); and we have seen Derby winners pining in the cold shade of opposition year after year, and all because of their having become afflicted after the manner of Prince Charlie. People profess to fight shy even of "mere milers," in other respects sound and desirable enough; but when such are roasters to boot, how can we understand the turn of the tide of popular opinion in their favour, except on the score of sheer infatuation? The idea must be thoroughly and radically wrong, and we humbly protest against the folly and recklessness of using a horse notoriously unsound, and with no pretensions to rank as a stayer, merely for the reason that here and there one of his stock may be found free from hereditary infirmity. It is a thousand pities, we are willing freely to admit, the existence of this formidable objection, but it is nevertheless our bounden duty to look it in the face, and not to be deterred by any considerations from speaking out our mind. People who continue to drink from a polluted well after being duly cautioned, do not more thoroughly deserve their fate than those who, with their eyes open, utilise sources of blood inherently objectionable, on the "off chance" of the produce failing to be imbued with the infection.

Although "qualifying circumstances" may not unfairly be pleaded in passing final judgment upon the decision of the stewards of the Jockey Club in *re* the now notorious St. Augustine case, the imposition of a £25 penalty on his trainer has not sufficed to take the sting out of the ruling of the supreme Council of the Turf. In short, we are expressing the sentiments of nine out of every ten racing men when we assert that never before has the prestige of the Jockey Club, as represented by the stewards, been so grievously compromised as lately; and it will be long before the recollection of their proceedings in this matter can be effaced, even from the minds of well-wishers, while their action will cause the enemy to blaspheme most vigorously. The autocratic supremacy of the Jockey Club no one has ventured to call in question; but their infallibility is quite a different matter, and public confidence in their enactments has been rudely shaken from time to time. They would now appear to have "crowned the edifice" by means of their recent extraordinary interpretation of one of their own lately adopted regulations; but we shall be greatly surprised if the matter is allowed to rest here, and if some measures are not taken to carry the whole affair into a court of law. Were we in Count Lagrange's place we should be much minded to adopt this course, but at present the sporting world seems to be so dumfounded and paralysed by the decision of the Stewards as to be incapable of realising the situation. Alec. Taylor has been made the scape-goat, but the imposition of a fine for "doing nothing" will hardly prove in the nature of a sop to those mixed up in betting transactions upon the Kempton Park race. The upsetting of settled accounts, however, and the unpleasant process of "disgorging" among those who have already "received over" the race now awarded to St. Augustine, are merely trivial grievances, and will be forgotten long before the cause of all this confusion and muddle passes into oblivion. The strangest, and perhaps the least satisfactory part of the whole business, is the constitution of the tribunal which decided the case. Lord Hartington and Lord Falmouth (the latter of whom would be accepted anywhere as a not inefficient substitute for Sir G. Chetwynd) are men of staid and sober judgment, while Mr. Craven may be deemed to have been properly versed in Turf experiences; and of none of the three can it be said that they belong to the harebrained, frivolous school, from members of which the Jockey Club cannot be described as altogether free. Errors in judgment might be more readily accounted for in the "crutch-stick and toothpick" division, than among such potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs as the leader of the Opposition, the "blameless Arthur" of the turf, and the Cincinnati who has lately returned from his retirement to the scenes of his youth. The consensus of opinion among men of this calibre is remarkable in the case now under consideration, and they cannot avoid one horn or the other of the dilemma, viz., either that the rule under which they were called to adjudicate was ridiculously vague, or its interpretation singularly contradictory. We are well aware that the Jockey Club is responsible to nobody, but for that very reason those entrusted with the office of seeing its edicts enforced should be the more careful not to outrage public opinion, which must inevitably recoil against them in the end. This is the more deplorable, for the reason that racing, among a certain class always apparently intent upon compassing its downfall and upon decrying its aim and end, has plenty of other sins and shortcomings to answer for, besides the weakness or incapacity of its administrators; and hitherto a certain amount of prestige has attached to the Turf Sanhedrim, which it

is in manifest danger of losing, should such apparent miscarriages of justice again occur.

Some time since the condition and prospects of racing in Ireland formed a bone of contention between certain contributors to this journal and their brethren of the sporting quill on the other side of St. George's Channel. Full details and statistics of sport in the Sister Isle are now to hand, and we are constrained to admit that matters do not seem to have greatly improved of late, though there is no absolute falling off in the number and value of races decided on that national battleground, the Curragh of Kildare. Putting aside steeplechasing, in which the Hibernian shows as bold a front as ever, we have seen no importations from Ireland capable of holding their own with English horses on the flat, bar Master Kildare, and he may be regarded as but half Irish bred, though we have no desire to rob Hibernia of her due share in the production of this very speedy horse. That this deterioration in Irish representatives must be due, in a great measure, to the use of obscure and indifferent stallions must be patent to anyone who will take the trouble to run his eye down the list of successful sires for 1879. The "intelligent reader" will perceive that even a second-rater like Uncas is returned at the top of the tree, with Solon and a few others of similar calibre below him—a proof, if any were needed, that although so-called unfashionable sires may by chance get a smart representative now and then, such incidents are mere flashes-in-the-pan, and that in the long-run it is indispensable to depend upon the "leading talent." Ireland could carry all before her in the "days of old," when her sources of blood ranked high in universal estimation; and if she desires to emulate her former glories, and to hold her own against the Saxon oppressor, the high road to such a position lies clear and straight before her, and she must utilize the best resources for the renovation of her departed prestige. Bird-catchers and Harkaways are not produced from the sort of thoroughbred stock now in Ireland; but there is no reason whatever why such a race of heroes should not ultimately be re-established, given the materials for their production.

If the saying be true, that adversity brings us in contact with strange bedfellows, the fact must be doubly realised by those who rub shoulders in the queer company to be found in the "Forfeit List," issued with such commendable regularity by Messrs. Weatherby under a recent wholesome enactment of the Jockey Club. There are plenty of people connected with racing anxious to keep things discreditable to the turf from public curiosity; but we fancy in the case of defaulters, no great harm is done by washing a little dirty linen in public. Surely the "buck-basket" in which Sir John Falstaff found a temporary lodging, contained no such variety of "things for the wash" as does the black list which issues periodically from Burlington-street. There we find the needy, seedy, out-at-elbows peer cheek-by-jowl with the mushroom sportsman who soon flashes away his small capital by humble efforts to ape men of heavier metal. Here we find the trainer whose downhill course has been rapid, and whose arrival at the bottom of it is marked by the publication of his name here; and in the same column is a jockey of the same adventurous kidney, who has chanced his all and lost it in the endeavour to cut a dash among his former employers. A sober country gentleman or two, who ought to know better, figure alongside young bloods who die away after a very short flutter indeed, like moths with wings soon singed in the all-consuming flame. A stray breeder or two, with more of so-called "public spirit" than of ready-money points a moral on occasions; and there is the usual *farrago* of poor flies scattered up and down through the list, like their dead prototypes on the hat of the "catch-'em-alive" man. 'Tis a sad study, my masters, but public exposure has worked its desired end, and the roll-call is of far less formidable dimensions than when it was a sealed book to the many. One by one defaulters will buy themselves out of the black list; and we hope to begin the new year with a comparatively clean bill of health as regards the Turf commonwealth, and the actors therein in their various parts.

SKYLARK.

SUTTON'S AMATEUR'S GUIDE TO HORTICULTURE.—Messrs. Sutton and Sons, who adopt the title of "The Queen's Seedsmen," have issued a little book which will be of the greatest use to all who take an interest in fruit, flowers, or vegetables—and it would be difficult, indeed, to name a more extended class of the population. The work—which will be sent on application to the publishers, Reading—is intended to show in the simplest manner possible how a garden may be made at once a source of pleasure and profit all the year round, and the intention is certainly fulfilled. So much has to be said in so small a space that it is impossible to go into detail and select from the curiously expressed hints which through the pages of this most useful publication. Some readers will be anxious above all things to know how a lawn-tennis ground may be best laid out, and this Messrs. Sutton will inform them. Others will think that the seeds of "disease-resisting potatoes" are the best of all possible horticultural achievements, and here such may be found. Others again will think first of flowers and the coloured pictures here displayed will awaken anxiety to obtain seeds which grow such specimens. We can but add briefly, write to Messrs. Sutton.

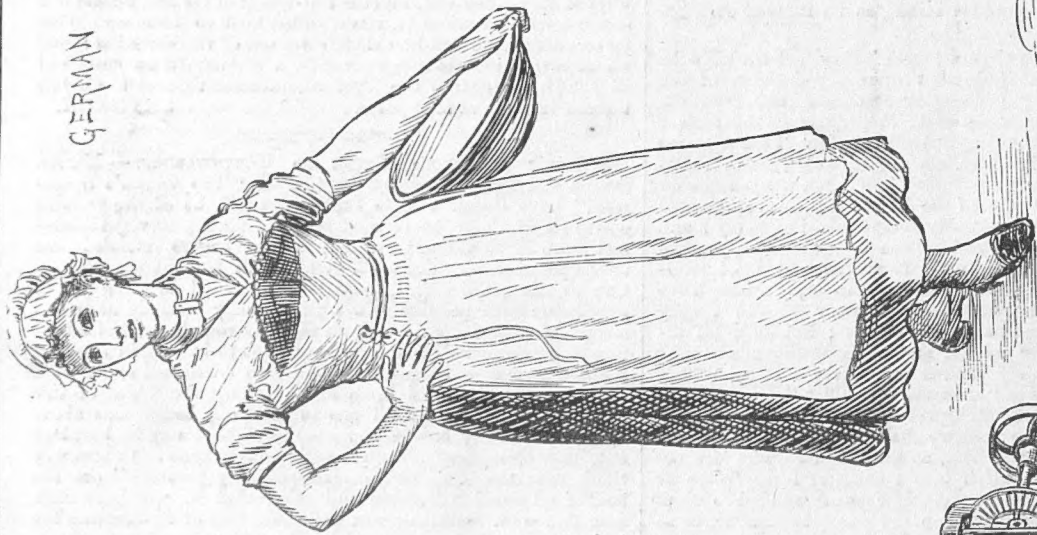
SHIPWRECK ON THE IRISH COAST (Carnsore, Co. Wexford, Dec. 22).—The barque Cheverine, of Havre, on a voyage from the African coast with a cargo of dye-wood, stranded in Churchtown Bay at an early hour yesterday morning, while the wind was blowing hard from the S.W. and a heavy sea was running. Upon intelligence of the wreck being conveyed to the Carnsore lifeboat station of the National Lifeboat Institution, the boat was quickly launched and proceeded to the spot. On arriving alongside, the master requested the lifeboatmen to remain by him, which they did for about two hours. At the end of that time, however, the sea had risen very much, rendering the position of those on board the vessel one of much peril. Accordingly the crew, twelve in number, then took refuge in the lifeboat and were safely landed at Carnsore. The boat behaved admirably in the heavy sea, and the conduct of her crew is also deserving of all commendation.

AN ingenious colleague in journalism has discovered that there are in France, at the present moment, 1,700 women of letters, and 2,150 lady artists, as they are here called. Two-thirds of these writers were born in the provinces—Normandy, Brittany, or the South—while two-thirds of the artists are born Parisians. Out of the writers, 1,000 publish novels or moral stories for children, 200 are poets, 150 write for pedagogical journals. Out of the artists, 107 are sculptors, 602 oil painters, 193 miniaturists, 754 ceramists and 494 water-colour and fan painters, or painters in pastel and crayon.

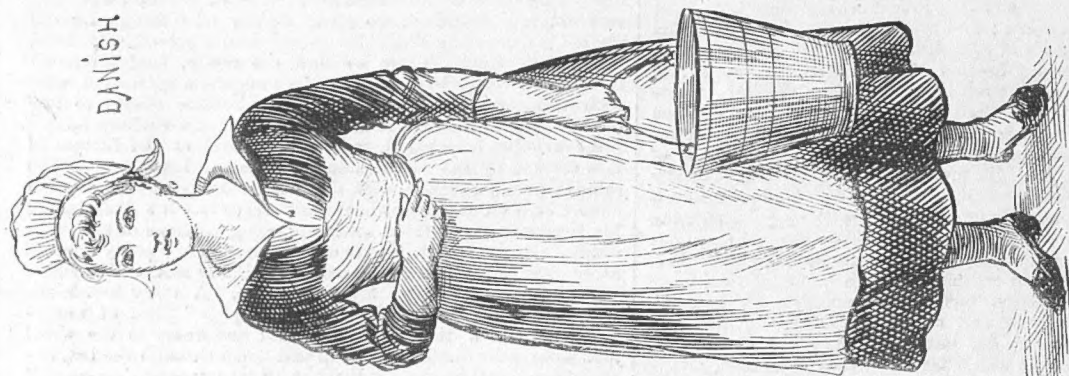
ACCORDING to our contemporary, the *Parisian*, the new treaty between the State and Mr. Vaucorbeil, the "foyer" ceases to become the property of the director of the Opera. There is a movement once more on foot to have the foyer, with the magnificent painting of Baudry, converted into a public museum open to all during the day. The present Secretary of State for the Fine Arts is favourable to the movement. The pity of it is that Baudry's ceiling is being rapidly spoiled by the gas. The electric light has been tried in the foyer, and the experiments have been entirely successful. Let us hope that the State will soon come to some decision on this important question.



FRENCH



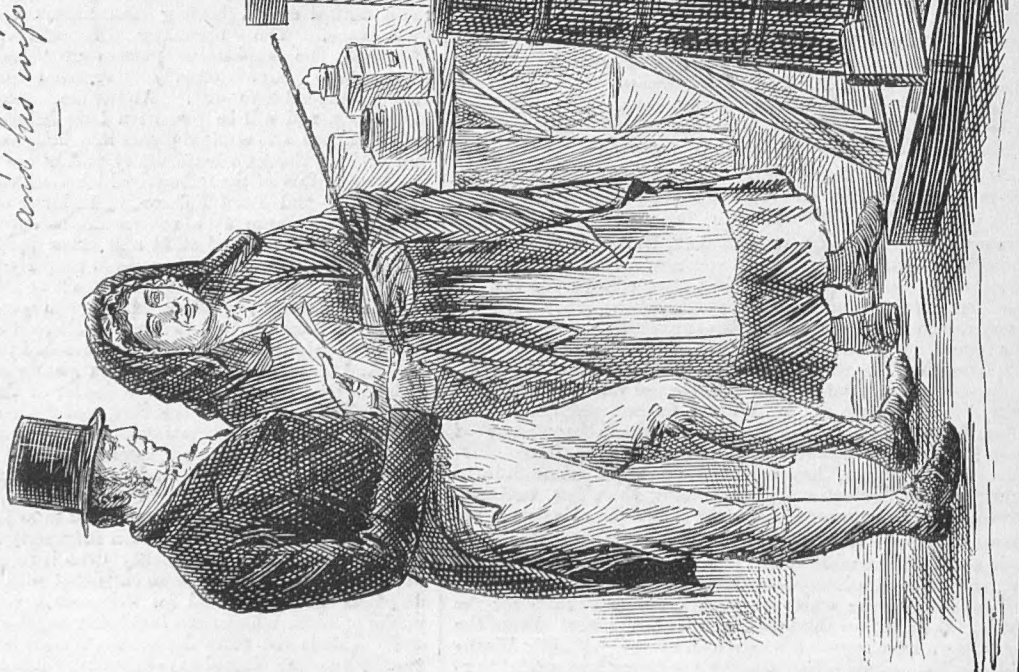
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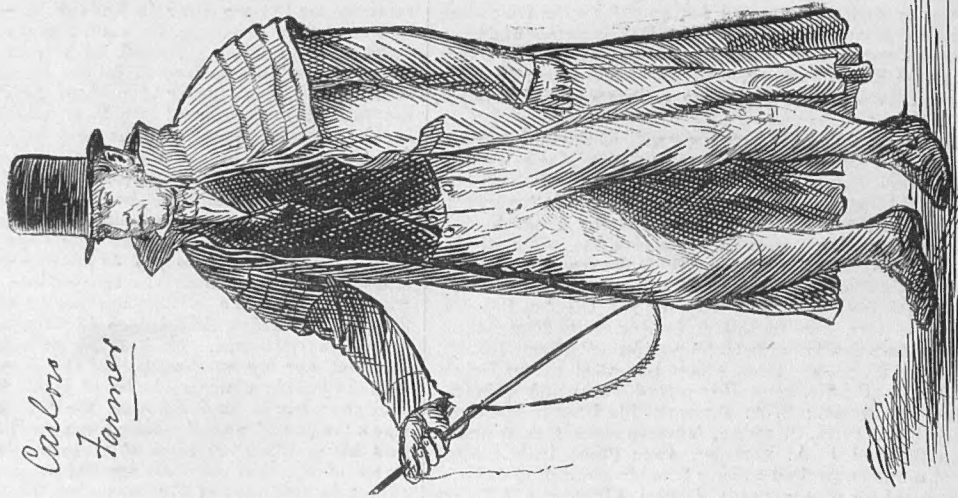
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and his wife



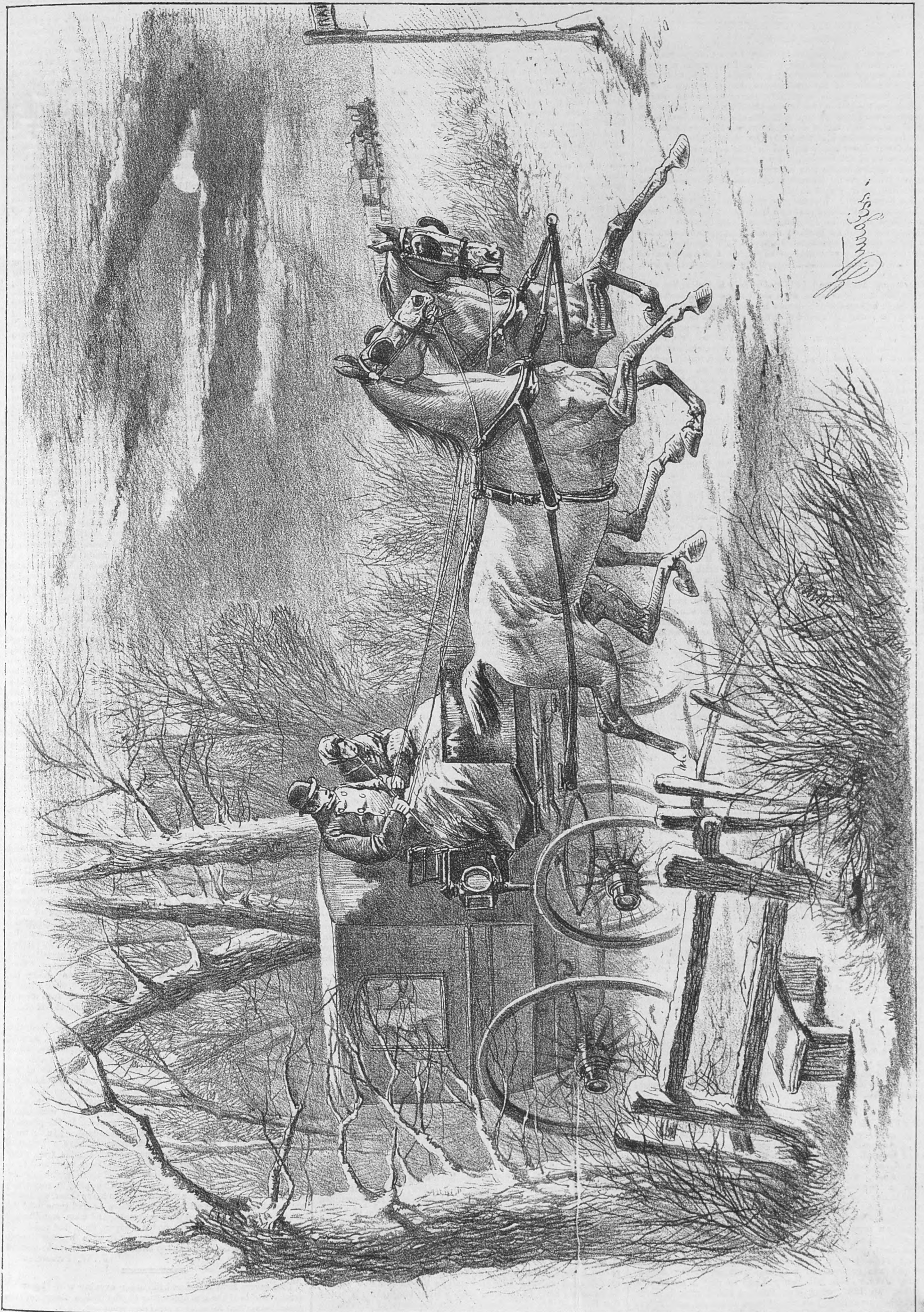
Canon Bagot



Chas. Cobbe Esq.



Carlos
Farmer



"CUTTING IT FINE."

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

By A. H. WALL.

MISS HARRIET MELLON.

(Continued from page 286.)

MISS MELLON'S engagement at Drury Lane Theatre realised a salary of thirty shillings per week, and never was a pretty girl more happy and contented; her smile, laugh, and song were the sunshine of the green-room, and they were seldom wanting. One evening in the waits between going on and coming off the stage, the girlish beauty was standing alone before the green-room fire humming to herself the cheerful music of some popular dance, and unconsciously following its steps with her pretty feet and lithe, slim figure. The stately Miss Farren—whose career has already figured in this series of histrionic sketches entered unobserved, and was looking on. Presently the voice of the fashionable society-courted actress who was then just on the eve of becoming Countess of Derby—aroused Miss Mellon, saying, with a sigh,

"You happy girl! I would give worlds to be like you."
"Like me!" exclaimed the little beauty. "Like me?" and then with a laugh, as she thought of Miss Farren's thirty guineas a week and her brilliant marriage in contrast with her own thirty shillings and obscure position, she added—"There must certainly be a vast deal to be envied in my position by one whose will can command everything her heart may wish for!"

The famous actress and fashionable lady looked at her with tears in her fine blue eyes, replying sadly—"I cannot command the light heart which dances in your happy little song," pressing the young girl's hand with tender warmth as she spoke.

For some years the vivacious Miss Mellon continued to advance in her profession, playing bashful schoolgirls, romps and abigails, coquettes, and other similar parts, such as were then most fashionable upon the London stage, for there is a fashion in stage characters as in most other things. As Lucy, in *School for Friends*, in which she played with the elder Mathews as the Quaker, she won the favour of the town, and as the heroine of a play called *The Apprentice* the critics lavished the highest praise upon her.

In 1807, a ticket she had purchased in the lottery turned up a prize of ten thousand pounds, and many urged her to retire upon this little fortune and bid the stage adieu. But Miss Mellon had tasted the sweets of public applause, and the temptation was not strong enough. But when it came again in another but similar form, she yielded, and the stage knew her no more.

The wealthy banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, had lost his wife. She had been his brother's maid-of-all-work, the daughter of a small farmer in Lancashire named Starkey, a merry, saucy, pretty, and modest little wench with a passion for scrubbing and cleaning, at first more fitted for the position from which he took her than for that in which he placed her, but at last as intelligent, courteous, and gracious a lady as if she had been fitted by birth and education for that lap of wealth and luxury into which she so happily fell. Miss Mellon became her successor.

Sir Walter Scott, who with other lions used to attend the fashionable gatherings at the house of the wealthy banker, says he always found the great banker's wife frank, unaffected, kindly, and, despite her great wealth and the fawning and courting of the usual hangers-on who cling to the fringe of Society's robe, unostentatious. She spoke "without scruple" of her former life on the stage, and although it was the fashion to sneer at and call her vulgar, Sir Walter spoke the truth as he found it, and refused to sanction such remarks. Still, he says, "so much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without ostentation." Her husband had by his first wife three daughters. The eldest married Sir Francis Burdett in 1793, the second became Countess of Guildford in 1796, and the third was wedded to the first Marquis of Bute in 1806.

Mr. Coutts married Miss Mellon on the 8th of January, 1814, within a week of his first wife's death, and in 1822 he died, bequeathing the bulk of his immense wealth to the widow, at whose feet fell prone immediately a whole army of suitors, ranging from peers of the realm through all the various stages of rank and wealth downward, including the famous actor, Robert William Elliston, the impecunious theatrical manager, who wooed in vain, and the Duke of St. Albans, who, twice refused, was at last successful, and made Mrs. Coutts the Duchess of St. Albans. The momentous question was decided during a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, to the great indignation of certain ladies of high rank, who were also Sir Walter's visitors, and who snubbed the banker's widow, sneered at her grand array of horses and servants, and chuckled amongst themselves at the pain they inflicted, until the good Scotch knight of the pen took them one by one aside and, beginning with the youngest and prettiest, lectured them on their want of good manners, nature, and taste.

One authority says that the daughters of the maid-of-all-work were amongst the grand ladies who were so indignant with a duke for marrying one who had been turned out of doors by her vulgar mother to become an actress at thirty shillings a week. For this, however, I do not vouch.

But no list of charitable deeds recorded in the life of any lady of any rank can be longer or more noble than that which belongs to the life of the actress who rose so strangely in the social scale. It begins with the days when, as a hard-working young actress, she devoted her leisure to needlework for poor women, and had no end until the date of her death, from paralysis, in 1837. To record those glorious deeds of unostentatious goodness, of which the world takes so little heed, would fill a volume.

Everybody knows how her vast wealth has fallen into the hands of one as nobly kind and charitable as herself, the present Baroness Burdett Coutts.

MISS FANNY HARRIET KELLY.

Miss F. H. Kelly was born in South Audley-street, Grosvenor square, in the year 1805. Her father was a captain in the army, the descendant of a very old and respectable family in the west of Ireland. He had fought with the 96th in the American war, and was much pained to note his child's early predilection for the stage, which displayed itself even before she had visited a theatre or seen an actor. Urged, however, by the talent she precociously displayed, he was at last induced to pield a reluctant consent to her making the stage her profession. Through the kind offices of Lady Lindsay she obtained an introduction to Mr. G. Colman and Mr. Harris, who, asking for a specimen of her elocution, were much pleased by her clear, powerful, and melodious voice, and her distinct reading of a portion of the character of Belvidera. In 1801 she was engaged to play the part of Prince Arthur in *King John*. She left Drury Lane to pay a short visit to Paris. In 1807, when Mrs. Siddons asked after her, she was at Glasgow fulfilling an engagement as actress, and rapidly growing popular. In 1819 we find her playing "leading business" at Cheltenham, where Lady Faulkner befriended, encouraged, and protected her. Thence she went to Brighton, and visited successfully many provincial towns. On the 18th of

January, 1821, she appeared on the Dublin stage, and made a series of triumphant appearances, winning her loftiest triumph in Shakespeare's Juliet. Her histrionic wanderings continued until 1823, when she appeared as Juliet to the Romeo of a young tragedian of the highest standing, W. Macready, to whose careful instructions, it is said, she owed much of the excellence which won her so enthusiastic a welcome. The critics were enraptured with her, some hailing her as the equal of Miss O'Neill, some awarding her the palm of superiority over all who had ever played the part. Hazlitt wrote of her in this character, saying:—

"In the roundness of her limbs, the ease and grace of her motions, and the entire absence of anything sharp or angular in her form, she resembles Miss O'Neill, like whom she is formed to succeed in the representation of characters where passion and suffering have taken possession of the soul; where the will is passive; and a fair form is agitated by emotions which display 'the irresistible might of weakness.' Her voice has more compass than Miss O'Neill's; its lower tones are almost as ripe and mellow, and her upper notes, which she sends forth in the playful passages, have an angelical clearness and sweetness which remind us of the singing of Miss Stephens. Her action, though it has never the triumphant character which her predecessor sometimes assumed, is free, unembarrassed, and natural. But these excellences are trivial compared to that fine conception of the fervour and the delicacy of the part which she manifests, and which enables her to identify herself not only with its more prominent features, but its smallest varieties—its 'lightest words.' There is nothing sentimental or reflective in her acting; her mind never seems to have leisure for reverting to itself; her heart is evidently too busy to allow of opportunity for thought. She remembers that the emotions of life are to be crowded into a few short hours, that the first dawning of love in an innocent bosom, its full maturity and strength, its power of anticipating time, of developing the loftiest energies in one who was but lately a child, embracing death with gladness, and all the corresponding excitement of the intellect and the fancy, which suddenly bloom forth in the warmth of the affections, form part of that wonderful creation which it is her aim to embody."

Other critics of her Juliet dwell upon the total abandonment of heart and soul to the tender passion which she so forcibly expressed, upon the graceful native modesty which checked her more rapturous impulses, of the utter absence of anything like coquetry or prudery in passages expressive of playful or timid feeling, of the impulses which found expression in action before her words could give them utterance, of the changeful variety of voice in which she gave expression to a rapid succession of conflicting emotions, and of that perfect deception which made it hard to believe that she was really uttering words which were not her own. Half the men in town were said to have been in love with her. She is still living.

BEYOND THE FAIRY BOWERS OF
EVERLASTING DELIGHT.A PRE-CHRISTMAS INTRUSION—OR, PEEPING BEHIND THE
SCENES.

For play-going folk, particularly if they be young and are of the masculine gender, that portion of a theatre which lies behind the green curtain is a region of mystery that, like Stanley with the Dark Continent, they are ever anxious to penetrate. Ever desirous are they to behold for themselves, and with their very own eyes, the flaps and traps, the wings and centres, the lifts and rollers, the prompter's box and the green room, with all the other wilderness of confusion above and around, which are so closely hidden by the impenetrable baize. But, alas! to how many of these wonder-seekers is the boon accorded of exploration of the mystic arcana? How many a promising youth of our acquaintance can tell us he knows a fellow, by Jove, that was behind the scenes at the "Lane" or the "Garden" at a rehearsal, and was even through the dressing-rooms, by Jove, smuggled in by Filcher, the second low comedian, in return for unnumbered "goes" of "cream o' the valley," but whose own experience of the inner theatrical life is confined to a casual anxious peep through the little door beneath the stage, through which the members of the orchestra go in and out, and which leads to what is known among the "pros" as the "mezzanine floor"?

To gratify, in even a faint degree, our youthful friends who so yearn after the inscrutable, and whose cravings up to the present have perforce to be satisfied by a momentary glimpse of the blue stockings of a stage peasant maid or the spurred boots of the villain-baron as he glides ghostly to his place ere the curtain is drawn up, we have been deputed, during this peculiarly busy time of Pantomime preparation, to visit some of the chief theatres in the Metropolis, and there record, both by pencil and pen, for the enlightenment of those of our readers who have not yet lost the illusion of their younger days, some of the worry and the turmoil, the docility and discipline, as well as the order and precision endured and enforced upon the busy mortals in the regions of gloom behind the curtain, in getting up that wonderful hotch-potch of modern civilisation, a Christmas Pantomime.

And perhaps an excuse may be found for me, if I take my own profession first, and ask my readers to accompany me to the painting-room of my friend Mr. Maulstick, high up 'neath the stage skylight of the Volatility Theatre, in Ben Johnson-street? Presenting our card to the grim janitor who guards the stage-door with a civil request that it be forwarded to "our friend," if he is in the house, we receive a surly nod of acquiescence, and our pasteboard is tossed into a lift which the Cerberus raises with a string, while we amuse ourselves by endeavouring to guess at the number of years it took to accumulate the clouds of cobwebs above and around us on every side. Presently there is a step, and Maulstick emerges jauntily and smiling as to countenance, but as to attire, more like a slap-dasher's labourer than anything else in the world. We ascend with him ladder after ladder, dusty, dirty, and be-splotted with ochre, white-wash, great dabs of red and green and blue, in fact of every conceivable colour, until at last we reach his own eyrie. Here we see some silent, busy men flitting among paint buckets or at the mullard and stone. Looking downward, when the floor opens precipitously at our feet, we behold a young fellow slung in a seat halfway to the stage floor below, which seat being raised or lowered by a pulley, shifts at his beck. He is occupied to our seeming in laying on with a flat brush, such as white-washers use, great horizontal alternate streaks of red, blue and white, while another empty sling seat near, tells where our friend was busy when he was summoned at our call. Having recollection of the pretty pictures he has painted (he seeks the R.A. one day) we shudder at knowing he was merely painting green underlights; and blotches of Dutch metal on great upright and zig-zag bars of Vandyke brown and raw umber. Questioning him, he tells us, with a light laugh, this is one of the flats of his *chef d'œuvre*, "the Gardens of Everlasting Youth," and that the tawdry metal blotches we behold are the Golden Apples of Hesperides. He is about to light up, he says, for a try, so that he can have a look from the front, and will we go with him into the first tier and see the effect? While

so speaking he has doffed his scarecrow painting blouse, and, pulling on a pair of dainty boots and assuming a chapeau de Christy, he stands before us a polished gentleman and fit associate of any club man in the realm.

Having satisfied our curiosity in this department, we proceed downwards under his guidance to the room of the property-master, where we are initiated into all the mysteries of stage upholstery and stage furniture, and learn, *mirabile dictu*, that all of stage magnificence in the shape of massive chandeliers, candelabra, ivory caskets, gold and silver drinking cups and flagons, flower vases with their lovely flowers, statues of Roman senators and busts of ancient warriors, with the very pedestals that bear them, are made of paper. Nay, that apples, apricots, melons, oranges and lemons, even to the funeral baked meats that "coldly furnish forth the marriage tables," are all of the same indispensable material. We see that some of the costumes, banners, &c., are made up of the flimsiest and most inexpensive materials, relying on tinsel, brilliancy of colour, and copper spangling for effect, while again we are shown others that are simply superb in richness of texture and finish, garments which might well bear rivalry with the robes worn by peeresses on a coronation day, and which create a wonder within us how the treasury of any theatre in the world could bear up against such a strain on its funds.

Here too, in this property-room, we behold a *diablerie* of outrageous masks about to be used in the forthcoming Pantomime. These also, we learn, are formed of the everywhere abounding paper, from special designs furnished by Mr. Alfred Thompson, or some other of the clever artists, facile in delineating side-splitting caricatures of humanity. Stolid, tearful, sheepish, idiotic, leering, blear-eyed, and ferocious—each and all had an individuality stamped on the gigantic features that was positively wonderful to contemplate. Meeting here a celebrated maker of these mirth-provoking masks, Mr. Fox, of Russell-street, Covent Garden, we were by him courteously invited to witness the process of their manufacture—an invitation of which we gladly and thankfully availed ourselves several times since—and then by means of a pass key emerged into the auditorium, the now dark and silent house. Standing fully in front, we question if any schoolboy's wonder was greater than ours at beholding what, at close sight, was a gigantic daub of every conceivable and incongruous colour transformed by the aids of distance and skilfully disposed light into a lovely garden vista at setting of the sun, where the crimson billowy clouds, seen far away above the tree tops, looked with their deep gold fringes a true couch of glory for the slumbering god of day.

We positively applauded, so carried away were we into the realms of enchantment, but were wakened up from our day dream by the voice of Maulstick ordering the lights out and telling his assistant that the "set" would do; whereupon there emerged from nowhere in particular, to our seeming, a whole crowd of bobbing heads and ghastly hands into the black well before the footlight guards, who at once—some dim pages of paper being placed in front of them—began scraping and screwing, and growling, and blowing upon and through some unseen instruments, till, at a little magic tap from a wand, they all scampered off into a glorious burst of music. Then a little table holding a couple of candles being set on the chilly, dusty stage, at which a close-shaven man in spectacles took his place, there came forth from the side wings for rehearsal all the ladies and gentlemen notified on the call bill of the day.

It was funny to see the ladies who had dancing parts coming on in seal jackets and hats and feathers of everyday wear, but with skirt, short as those of the little old woman in the nursery tale, who met the pedlar Stout; funnier still to behold the gentlemen who had the parts of enchanted alligators or ostriches under a malignant fairy spell, in boots and trousers of the newest cut, but with the entire upper portion of their bodies in the basket framework of their different disguises. Then the unhappy captive Princess, in her fashionable walking costume, and looking so cosy out of her fur wrappings—despite the cruel chain which clanked over her six-buttoned gloves—was a sight that might well soften the obdurate heart of anyone, even the terrible author of the piece himself; but he evidently was unimpressible as an oyster, and when she went wrong he spitefully made her go over it all again, and we think the ostrich fellow had to try at least half a dozen times ere he was pronounced faultless in singing—

Now as a fairy tale always ends, despite all cynical laughter, They went and married and feasted their friends and lived happily ever after, Eat pies and plums for Christmas comes we know but once a year; To great and small and short and tall we wish the best of cheer, And a merry Christmas to you all and a happy and bright New Year.

Leaving the murky theatre, with its screaming call boys and grimy faced carpenters, we betook us to see the art and mystery of mask making, and I may explain the process thus: First, then, the design being furnished, it is modelled carefully in clay; this being allowed to harden, a plaster cast is taken from it in two parts, divided in the casting by placing tin all around the clay. When the mould is perfectly dry they place a sheet of stout brown paper in upon it, and wet with water on the side next the plaster, the outer side being well covered with paste; over this is placed another sheet, and both are gently but firmly pressed into all the crevices of the mould, eyes, ears, lips, nostrils, &c., by means of a brush. Over these again other sheets are once more pasted until the required thickness is obtained, when the mask is lifted from the mould, dried, and hardened, then stitched all round the edges with wire thread, and finally sent to the painter's cunning hand for the touches which are to set childhood and manhood in "one lusty roar."

Some of the most merrily hideous of those masks we have this year beheld are from the really artistic designs of Mr. Arnott, the courteous property-master of the Lyceum Theatre, whose kindness in showing us over that now famous concern will not readily be forgotten. Would we could say the same of the stage doorkeeper of the establishment, who freezingly inquired of us, when he learnt whence we came, how it was that Mr. Irving received weekly a copy of the *SPORTING AND DRAMATIC* and he did not, at the same time giving us fully to understand that he would stand such behaviour no longer. In the property room, here again was paper in the ascendant. Mr. Arnott informed us that the articles made from it have a beautiful sharpness and delicacy of outline, not obtainable from other sources, while they are not so liable to breakage in transit from one place to another. He further informed us that, it being Mr. Irving's habit to take all his properties with him, it sometimes required on short notice a special train to carry them, an assurance which did not at all surprise us when we had gone over the armoury, where, gathered from sources far and wide, stand bright and well ordered every conceivable weapon, from the ponderous swords and blunt, murderous horse pistols of a bygone age, to the glittering stiletto and sharp clicking revolver of the present time.

J. W. FITZGERALD.

THE severe frost interfered the other evening with the water arrangements of the gas apparatus at the Folies Bergeres, the result being that all the gas suddenly went out.

MONEY SAVED.—Adopt Chappuis' Daylight Reflectors, to supersede gas or lamp-light during the day. They are universally used, from gentlemen's houses to workmen's shops or dwelling places.—(S. D.) Chappuis, Patentee, 69, Fleet-street, London.—(Adv't.)

BAD BOB;
OR,
"RUINED BY THE STAGE."
A STORY IN TWO PARTS.
BY ARTHUR A. BECKETT.

PART I.

I was certainly out of temper. It was a very wet night, and I had just visited a place that was ever my pet aversion. I had been "behind the scenes" to see an actor-manager. I had a piece in hand for this actor-manager, and during the waits in the performance I had been discussing some details in his part. He had wanted some of the scenes "written up," and, on principle, I objected to "writing up." I repeated the stock arguments against the practice, about the piece losing its proportion, the picture getting out of drawing, &c. But the actor-manager was obstinate. He was more of an actor than a manager, and took a one-sided view of the matter. Well, I had been obliged to give in. At the moment I could not take my piece to another theatre, for I knew that the bills everywhere were filled up for months, not to say years, to come. Besides, the part suited my actor-manager, and the play was exactly adapted to the requirements of his house. So I consented, sorely against my will, to his suggestions, and promised to make the alterations he proposed. I left him busily engaged in making a change. My temper was certainly not improved on quitting his dressing-room by the facts that my hat was crushed in by a low ceiling, and my progress seriously impeded by two gas-pipes on my road from his sanctum to the stage-door.

"How I hate the back of the house," I murmured, as I found myself once more in the streets. "I have often sworn I would never again go behind the scenes, and I am a fool not to keep my vow."

I was a younger man in those days than I am now, and belonged to several little clubs much frequented by artists, actors, and literary men. Pleasant societies they were, but only to be fully enjoyed in bachelor days. The hours of these little clubs were dreadfully dissipated. Their existence in the daytime was a weak performance. If you dropped in about lunch time you generally found a solitary member mournfully smoking a cigarette and consuming a glass of soda and brandy. In the early evening they grew more lively. Between five and seven o'clock actors fulfilling engagements in adjacent theatres would drop in and discuss a more or less frugal dinner, and compare notes with their fellow members. But midnight was the time to see these places in their glory. Supper was a great institution, and until the not-very-small hours of the morning the game was kept alive. Good things flew about in the greatest abundance, and the laughter, and the eating and drinking were never-ceasing. Then came a sacrifice in honour of nicotine, and the common room was invaded by a cloud of smoke quite as dense as a London fog in November. Ah! how many pleasant hours have I spent in those happy places! Those were the days of chambers in St. James's-street, opera bones, and latch-keys. They have passed away like many other good things, and have become an inheritance for my sons. What does a grey-bearded family man want with such vanities? For all that they were very delightful while they lasted.

I found myself in the Strand, and looked at my watch. It was early—scarcely ten o'clock; it was raining, and decidedly unpleasant weather. Should I go home quietly to bed, or should I turn into the Prompter's Box and have some grilled bones and a little quiet conversation? I put the matter to the vote of a tossed coin, and "heads" turning up I decided upon pursuing the latter course. I had not been into the Prompter's Box for a long time, and felt in the mood to renew my acquaintance with the Prompter's Boxers. So I left the Strand, and walking due north for five or ten minutes found myself in front of the hostelry in which my pleasant little club was held. I entered the hall, and, passing a group of waiters, opened a door bearing a brassplate, upon which "P. B. C." was inscribed and found myself in a large and comfortably-furnished room. The members took a pride in their institution, and the walls were consequently decorated with a number of valuable sketches and pictures. Books, too, were in abundance. Members who had distinguished themselves in literature had given any number of "presentation copies" of their favourite works. Again, the drama was represented by several old playbills, telling of an age of half-forgotten actors and quite forgotten pieces. The coarsely printed broad sheets were neatly framed and took their places beside the works of art. As I entered the cheerfully lighted room I was met with a hearty greeting, not unmixed with kindly chaff.

"You never come here," said Tom Talkington, now one of our leading dramatists, then an extra leader writer for the daily press. "I suppose you consider yourself too great a swell. But as you have put in an appearance you might have sported a white choker. You oughtn't to keep all your good things for So-ci-e-ty."

"He hasn't many good things to spare," cried another, "so he mustn't be extravagant in their expenditure. Eh, Tommy?"

"Ah, poor fellow! he wastes all his time in attempting to set the Thames on fire! Take my word for it, my lad, you will never do it. It's not in you."

"Come, come," I replied, "we are all of us trying to set the Thames on fire, and it's precious fortunate we don't do it. What a row the Board of Works would make about it."

"Yes," said Tom, "but consider what a first-rate line 'the aquatic conflagration' would make for the contents bills. I suppose you want some supper. Well, bring yourself to an anchor here. Only promise not to consider my dish an insult—I didn't mean to be personal. You know we didn't expect you to turn up."

"What are you eating?"

"A ves' head, to be sure. Ha, ha—had you there! But you oughtn't to have given me an opening."

"Not at all. But I shouldn't have ever suspected you of being a cannibal—although, to be sure, you *do* live upon your proprietors."

"A very weak *tu quoque*, my boy; but for all that sit down, make yourself comfortable, and let's have a chat."

And so I seated myself beside Tom Talkington, and soon was deep in conversation with him upon things in general and publishers in particular. We discussed how a new paper "to supply a want" was to be started here, and a new piece "to found a school" was to be brought out there. Then we talked over Frank Luckyboy's last success and Jack Gloomy's latest failure. In fact we exhausted "shop" to our heart's content.

"By the way," said Tom at last, "who do you think I saw not an hour ago?"

"I haven't the least idea," I replied; "stay, an emissary from the county court you honour with your patronage?"

"No; my home is not only sacred, but a profound secret. An Englishman's house is his castle, but for all that it is as well, under certain circumstances, to conceal one's address. Can't be bothered with visits from dukes and statesmen, and such like persons—it interferes with business. No; if my eyes were not making fools of my other senses, I saw dear old Charley Aubrey."

"What! Charley Aubrey, the proprietor of the Wellbourne Theatre?"

"And the very best fellow in this wide and wicked world. Yes; he was hurrying down the Strand in *such* a get-up! I scarcely recognised him at first. He looked like a sailor fresh from an unsuccessful cruise in the Polar Seas."

"He hasn't come to grief?" I asked, with real concern, for Charley was a dear good friend of mine.

"Not he," Tom answered, helping himself to a fresh supply of liquor. "No; I was talking to Joe over yonder, and he tells me that Charley has been doing excellent business in Wellbourne for the last three years. He has amassed what the liners call a handsome fortune."

"And what did he say to you?"

"Ah! that's the strange part of the story. When I called out to him he hurried away and refused to speak to me. I don't know why he should have cut me, because we have always been excellent friends. Poor fellow! I am afraid he must be in some trouble. As he started off the light of the gaslamp fell upon his face. It was as white as a sheet."

And we talked of other things; but the story of Charley's trouble haunted me, and made me more than usually gloomy. I am sure that when I rose to bid the Prompter's Boxers "good night" they must have been glad to be rid of me. Taking a dispassionate view of the case, I feel that my room must, on this occasion at least, have been infinitely preferable to my company.

It was eleven o'clock when I got to Charing-cross on my way home to my chambers in one of the turnings leading out of St. James's-street. It was still raining, but I was safe and sound under an umbrella, and I was comforted by a cigar. As I reached the National Gallery I came face to face with a man in the costume of a common sailor. I recognised him at once.

"Charley, my dear old man, what's the matter? You surely don't want to cut me?"

For a moment he tried to evade me, then he seized my hand and wrung it warmly.

"No, my dear fellow, no. But I am in a hurry. I have to catch the 11.30 train to Wellbourne. I shan't have much time, and was on the point of hailing a hansom."

"There's something wrong, Charley. I can see it in your face."

"Oh, no!" he replied, with a bitter laugh. "I am a little cut up about something. But it was all my own folly—all, my own folly."

"Can't I help you?"

"No, dear old man, you can't. It's nothing to bother about. I am only disappointed. Nothing very much after all. Mind, if you ever come to my part of the world you must look me up. Good-bye, old boy, I am glad to have met you."

And as the cab drove away with him I could see, in spite of his light words, that his eyes were filled with tears. Yes, dear, good Charley Aubrey, popular and prosperous, was actually crying!

PART II.

A COUPLE of years elapsed. During the interim I saw nothing of my friend Aubrey. A great European war broke out, and I joined the army of special correspondents. Far away from home, I gazed upon many an unhappy sight. I discovered the true meaning of the word "glory," and learned the price paid for victory in the hospitals of the wounded. It was a dreary time, and I was not sorry to find myself once more in London. England seemed so strange after the Continent. It was quite a new sensation to find the houses standing in perfect security and the people absolutely free from alarm. God preserve my countrymen from the terrors of an invasion!

I had spent Christmas in the midst of my kith and kin, and on New Year's eve I was travelling in a first-class carriage to Wellbourne. I carried within my breast a heavy heart, for the news had gone forth that Charley Aubrey was dying. Many of his friends had gone down to see him. Those who had returned had related how delighted our comrade had been at the visits of his quondam companions. So the moment I could call a day my own I, too, hastened to his death-bed. Yes, it was indeed his death-bed. The poor fellow was sinking under a fatal disease, but a disease which left him his heart and brain as warm and as clear as ever they had been in the glad days of the happy past.

I had furnished myself with a goodly supply of literature. Christmas annuals and New Year's numbers cumbered the seat next my own, and for a short time claimed my attention. But it was a difficult matter to drive away my melancholy thoughts, and soon I sank into a brown study. With an effort I recalled myself to the present, and then noticed for the first time that I had a fellow-traveller. He was evidently a clergyman. In spite of his many wraps I noticed the M.B. waistcoat and the High Church collar appearing beneath his well-shaven chin. When I looked at his face it was severe enough, and yet I could not help thinking that somehow or other it was familiar to me. It was a hard face, and yet in the bright grey eyes I could trace a glimpse of kindly feeling. I murmured to myself, "Professionally austere;" and once more buried myself in the Christmas annuals. But my reading was a failure, and I was quite relieved when the clergyman addressed me.

"We do not stop until we get to Wellbourne, I think?"

"No; it is a fast train, and we shall be there by eleven o'clock. Rather late travelling, but you will find the hotel far from bad. They keep up fires in all the bedrooms."

"You are going to stay at the hotel?"

"No; I am paying a visit. A sick friend has asked me down to see him. He will put me up."

And the ice thus broken between us, we began talking without restraint. He told me that he, too, was journeying to see a man who was very ill. And then he sighed.

"I have not seen him for ten years," he said, "and when I last met him I never expected to hear of him again. I got a letter from him last night, telling me that he was dying. But you see he has forgotten to put his address; I have had to guess at it with the aid of the post-mark," and the clergyman showed me a letter written in a shaky hand, and yet in the weakly-formed letters I imagined I could trace a resemblance to some writing I had seen before. It was signed "Charles."

"And you do not know where to find him?"

"No, he was from the first a ne'er-do-well, and his family were obliged to cast him out."

And then the clergyman sighed again. We talked of other things, but after a while the stream of conversation ran in the old current.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see him, although the letter may be only a lie. We are accustomed to his deceptions. He was ruined by the stage, sir."

"Ruined by the stage?" I exclaimed. "Forgive me if I say that you speak with the bitterness of inexperience. I have had a knowledge of the stage for many years, and I can conscientiously declare that I have never known anyone ruined by the stage. Take my word for it, sir, actors and actresses are quite as good as their neighbours."

I spoke with some warmth. I hate narrow-mindedness, espe-

cially when I find it in the person of a parson. My companion, however, did not seem offended; he merely said—

"You have had a knowledge of the stage for many years; then, perhaps, you may have met a Mr. Dowdeswell?"

"No, not to my recollection. Was this his professional name?"

"It was the name of his family."

"Then he very likely changed it. I do not know why actors should change their names before appearing on the stage; but it is certainly a custom amongst them."

"I hope he followed the fashion, then," said the clergyman, bitterly. "He was a disgrace to his family."

"In his person you speak with undue severity of a very noble calling," I cried, warmly.

"I think I have some right. Charles Dowdeswell, the ne'er-do-well, was my brother."

There was an awkward silence after this. But soon the clergyman began again—

"Yes, he was always a wild fellow. At school he was called Bad Bob, and the nickname clung to him in later years. It was the name of a pirate very popular amongst us in our boyish days—Bad Bob."

"You say he was ruined by the stage?"

"Yes. We were brought up with great severity by our father. He hated anything in the shape of levity, and his horror was the stage. He used to say that he would sooner see a son of his a dead man rather than a living actor, and I believe he was sincere. Bad Bob was fond of acting, and—"

"Took to the stage as a profession."

"Yes," replied the clergyman. "I shall never forget the scene between father and son. They were both as proud as Lucifer. My brother insisted that he was a man, and had the rights of a man. Then my father told him to leave him—to quit the house—for ever. Bad Bob caught up the words and repeated them, 'for ever.' Father and son were never to meet again."

"And what became of your brother?"

"We heard of him for a short time as a provincial actor in some obscure country town. Then he disappeared altogether. After a while, reports reached us that he had gone to Australia, and was leading a life of robbery in the Bush."

"And you did not ascertain the truth or falsehood of these reports?"

"*Cui bono?* My sister married a banker; one of my brothers is a distinguished officer in the army; I, myself, am a vicar. Would Bad Bob, fresh from a career of guilt in a distant colony, have been an acquisition to our family circle?"

"And upon this slender evidence you condemn your brother unheard, and declare him ruined by the stage! Pardon me, sir, if I do not compliment you either on your logic or your charity," and I turned my head away angrily.

"For all that it has been a great grief, and when I got this scrawl last night my heart bled within me. I only hope that he is deceiving us once again."

There was genuine sorrow in the parson's face, and my wrath was lost in sympathy.

"And have you never seen your brother since he left your father's house?"

"Never. He appeared in our midst about two years ago. I was away at the time. From what my sister tells me, I think he must have been a sailor. He had not much opportunity for explanation, as she ordered him out of her house the moment he had proclaimed his identity. She gave him no time to make a defence. He left her without a word."

"I suppose you don't uphold her conduct?"

"As a clergyman, I cannot. She treated him with too much severity. She ought to have remembered, too, that he came of a proud race. Poor Bad Bob! We were great friends as boys. I hope this letter is one of his deceptions. Fancy Bad Bob—poor old Bad Bob—dying!"

He was speaking to himself, and the kindly look in his eyes grew more kindly. Soon the train arrived at Wellbourne, and we got out of the carriage and stood upon the platform. The station-master came up to me and bowed.

"Well, Mr. Chapman, and how is Mr. Aubrey?"

"We have very sad news of him, sir. They say he's sinking. You know how he was respected in this town—how he was loved. It's thrown a gloom over everything, sir. If ever a man had a kind heart he had one! Ah! if other folks spent their money as he spent his, the world would be a much happier place. It was not only the almshouses and the hospital, sir; but you know he was always ready to assist a fellow creature in distress. Not that he ever told of it, not he! But things come out when people hear that a man is dying. God bless him! But you had better go to him at once, sir."

"I will. Good-night, Mr. Chapman. Good-night, Mr. Dowdeswell."

"Mr. Dowdeswell!" exclaimed the station-master; "beg your pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Dowdeswell?"

"That is my name."

"Beg your pardon, sir; but the Rector said that if I could find you I was to ask you, with his compliments, to come to him at once."

"Very strange," muttered the clergyman. "I don't know the Rector." Then he added in a louder voice, "And where shall I find him?"

"He is at the bedside of Mr. Aubrey. Mr. Aubrey is one of his dearest friends."

"So we are, to be fellow travellers a little longer," I said, and in company we left the station together.

When we reached my poor friend's house, I found waiting for me terrible news. Charles Aubrey was dead! For a moment I was stunned, and then I heard the sound of voices. The Rector was speaking to Mr. Dowdeswell.

"Yes, he said he would give worlds to see you before he died. If you arrived after his death I was to tell you what I thought of him. I obey his order. Charles Aubrey was the best man, the noblest Christian I have ever known."

"But I don't know him," stammered out the clergyman. "I can assure you I don't know him."

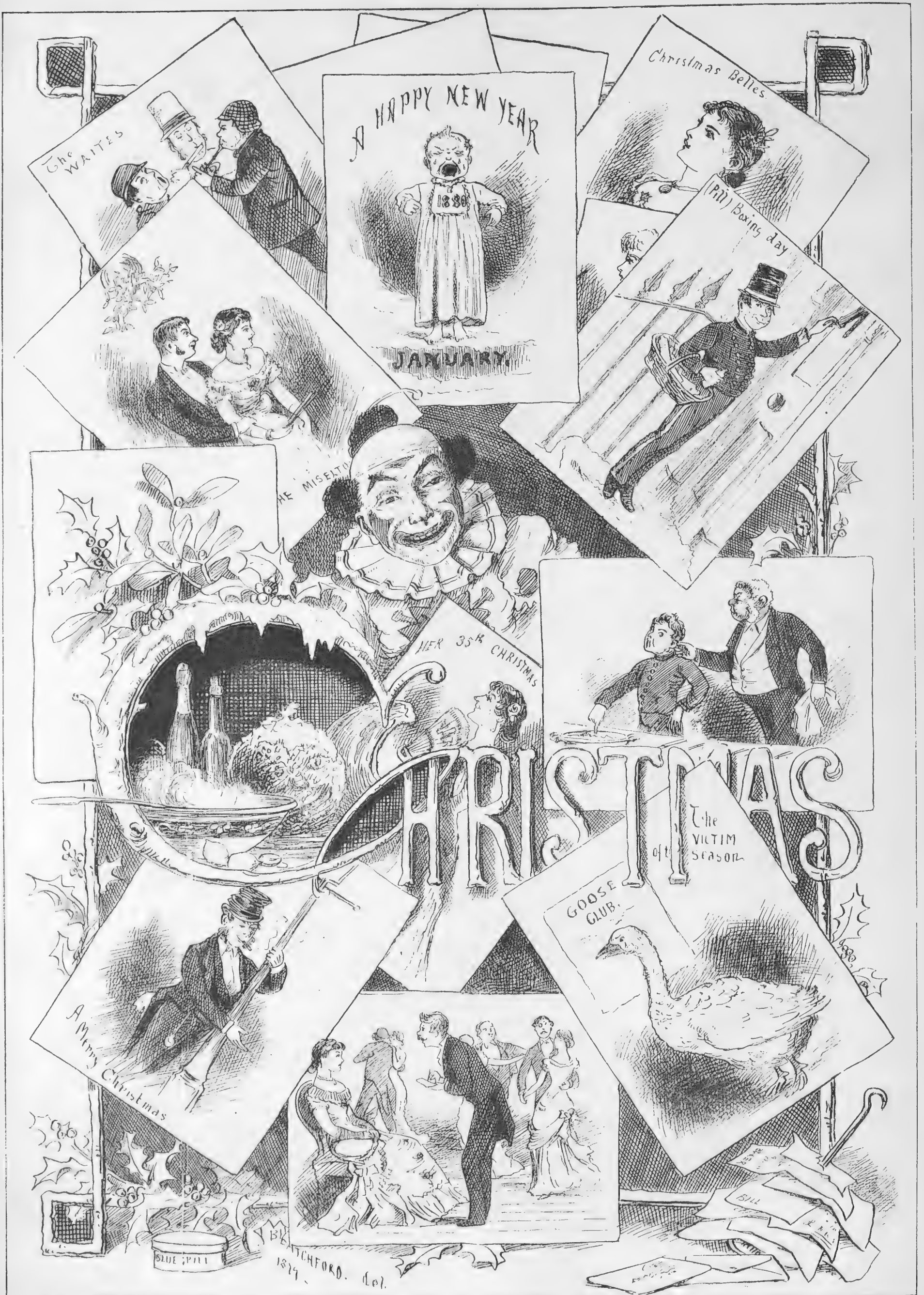
"He seemed to know you. Come," and the Rector led the way to the chamber of death. I sank into a chair, hiding my eyes in my hands. Suddenly I heard a heavy fall and a terrible cry. I looked up and saw Mr. Dowdeswell kneeling by the bedside of the dead man.

"It's Bad Bob, it's Bad Bob!" he almost screamed. "It's my poor brother!"

For a few moments there was a sound of bitter weeping—the pent-up sorrow of many years. Then came the voice of the Rector.

"He sent his love to his family, and I was to tell his brother not to grieve for him. I was to say, if I could say it—and I can—that he had not lived a useless life. And I was to declare, if I could declare it—and I can—that he did not owe his ruin to the stage."

And as the Rector spoke, the church chimes began to ring in the glad New Year. And the silvery sounds born in the belfry under the shadow of the Cross seemed to say, "Love, mercy, and charity; love, mercy, and charity; love, mercy, and charity to all men."



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

IN answerum to the invitationi of an unknown benefactorum I wentit to seeum the Latini playum of Trinummus, by



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dear old Plautus, at the Westminister Schoolium. It was a rollicking night for me, I can assure you, and considering that I did not understand much Latin, and that I have this morning left in the train running from Ascot to Waterloo some notes of



Something rather Classic.

my own along with the programmeium of the Orgium, and a few cuttings from the criticism of Mr. Moy Thomas (out of which I intended performing a fraudulent dissertation that would cause me to appear wondrous wise), you may imagine what a happy state I am in regarding the whole affair. Yes,

Latin declensions have declined, and, sad to confess, my only thoroughly concise knowledge of dead or classic languages is confined to and divided between that of the Yahoos and the Irish. Nevertheless, of the night of the *Trin: Plaut:* at Westminister School, I took the precaution of watching very carefully the features of one whom I chose, by appearances, as a likely fellow at an off-hand knowledge of what was going on on the stage. I got on very well with this sort of deception until I found that I suddenly discovered that he had been filching superficial knowledge of the same character from an old gentleman whose every line breathed the tale "Latin Professor," this old gentleman having quietly glided into gentle slumber, left his watcher, and therefore me in my turn, destitute of a cue wherewith to time our laughter and applause. There was nothing left then but to study the classic bearing and costumes of the various characters upon the stage, which, of course, is best commented upon with the pencil. You see, if I had not lost those cuttings I spoke of, I could have commenced something that would have "rushed" the reader and saved all miserable explanations, say in this style:

"It was very cheering to the heart of an old Latin scholar, aye, one who himself has not failed in times gone by to win golden laurels of opinion from the highest authorities in the land, as he declaimed the burning and eloquent passages of the



A Controller of the Clagues

GRAND OLD MASTERS of the classics—to sit and win his triumphs over again, mentally, as he listened to the ardent efforts of the young, while they grappled with the humours, fancies, and cynicisms in the *Trinummus* of dear old Plautus. Such was my happy lot, as, on one of the evenings given by the students of the Westminister School, I sat amongst other scholars, and felt like an old "Varsity stroke," while he watches his muscular successors of a later generation bend to their task between Putney and Mortlake. But, to seriously investigate the performances of the young gentlemen who undertook the presentation of the *Trinummus*, let us begin with— There, reader, don't you see that is where it is? I am completely stuck! That confounded train from Ascot, and that— (printer's) devil who is waiting for my wise utterances and brilliant turns of classic lore, all are against me. Then, again, I have to confess my pitiful ignorance. That is the hard point—the unkindest cut. What ought I to do? Ask my friend, the Reverend Horatio Plinylog, to help me? No, hang it! He may have been a Westminister boy once, and a dab at Latin; but now I remember very well, when he was going in for his M.A. degree at Cambridge, he had to get a whiskey-drinking nip of a Dublin University man to write his Latin sermon. Even if he *did* know enough to pull me through, he is away in Berkshire somewhere, and no doubt, as he feels what parsons call, after dawdling through the lightsome duties of the Sunday, "Mondayish," and would not feel inclined to give his mental faculties a strain, and no doubt is helping half a dozen pretty girls to dress the pulpit, in which they adore him and hate each other twice every Sunday in the year, or is away skating with the Squire's pretty daughter, just to give his brain a rest. It makes me mad to think that he, an accepted scholar, with M.A. to his name, has not to write the account of the Westminister play, and that I, a confessed ignoramus, have not to help decorate that pulpit—(wouldn't I put a festoon of holly on the seat where Cog sits!)—or to rest my brain on skates with the Squire's pretty daughter. But, there, it is no use being jealous or irritable. Write me down



Something rather more Classic

an ass, and let's talk about the Westminister School and the boys, and wish them all a jolly good Christmastide. I remember going to look at the old building behind Westminister Abbey with poor "Willie" Dixon—to whose memory Julian Hawthorne has paid such a graceful tribute in *Belgravia*. Dixon was



Something most Classic.

an old Westminister boy, and very fond of the place and all its connections, of talking about it and the "high times" they used to have there—and, I dare say, have now, for the matter of that. Poor Dixon has followed many another good fellow

whose name is scored or painted in one of the tall, dusty, dormitories. The play the other night was presented in one of the huge rooms—it had been cleared for the occasion, and a complete stage occupied one end of the hall while the other was filled with a gallery sloping from ceiling to floor, this was delegated in front to visitors and at the back to bright young gentlemen in full collegiate habiliments with white ties and spotless gloves. They formed the *claque*, and were ever ready to applaud the efforts of the friends who had ventured to declaim in classic garb. They were, however, quite under the control of two superior beings of their own livery who, by raising white wands, quelled ever and anon the vigour of their approval. Down below to the left sat more visitors of the male persuasion, while on the right were rows of fair women and faded "blue stockings." At the hour announced for the commencement of the play the centre of the floor was empty, but after a short delay the dignitaries of the venerable institution, accompanied by distinguished guests, strode solemnly up to this part of the auditorium, accompanied by the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." This over, and the bodies of the great ones comfortably ensconced in their seats, the curtain was lifted and out stepped a spik and span young gentleman who, in full collegiate fig, delivered the prologue and disappeared. Then the play began, and the gentlemen enacting the various parts went bravely through the rigid dialogue of which it is composed. During the interval of *entre-acte* the band went madly at the music of *Madame Favart, H.M.S. Pinafore*, and other highly classical operas. The costumes, as I explain in my sketches, were highly classical, and the habit of wearing the arms encased in fingered silken hose added to the effect. There was a happy tone mingling of old boys with young that gave a very pleasant influence to the entertainment. Everybody seemed determined to please and be pleased, and everybody succeeded. Next week I will have descended from classic regions and will have the really pleasant undertaking of saying nice things about the dear little people who are delighting the town with *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS ALMA MURRAY.

This talented young actress, a daughter of the late Mr. Leigh-Murray, was born in London on the 21st of November, 1856, and made her first appearance on the stage at the Olympic Theatre in 1869, playing Saccharissa in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Princess*, under the management of the late Mr. W. H. Liston. Her next engagement was with Mr. Chatterton at Drury Lane and other theatres, under whose management she remained three years, playing small parts with much quiet ease and grace. In the autumn of 1875 she accepted a provincial engagement for what is termed "juvenile leading characters" with Mr. H. M. Pitt, playing Kate Garson in *The Lancashire Lass*, Lottie in *Two Roses*, Clara Douglas in *Money*, Constance Howard in *False Shame*, and other similar parts, winning highly eulogistic press notices and rapidly strengthening her power and confidence. In December, 1876, she joined the company of Mrs. F. Glover for the winter season at the Theatre Royal Newcastle-upon-Tyne. In September, 1877, Miss Murray reappeared on the boards of Old Drury as Alice Bridgenorth in Mr. W. G. Wills's play, *England in the Days of Charles II.* We have already recorded our impression of her acting on that occasion. From October, 1877, to February, 1878, Miss Murray played at the Adelphi Theatre, appearing most successfully as Eliza in *After Dark*, and Edith Burrowes in *Formosa*. She then fulfilled some provincial engagements, and in June, 1879, joined the company of Mr. Irving at the Lyceum Theatre, where she is now playing.

CUTTING IT FINE.

HAPPILY they have not cut it too fine, however, and the heads of the steaming horses will not have to be turned sorrowfully home again. The little party in the private omnibus are on their way to a ball, and had to drive several miles to the nearest railway station. Delays will occur before setting out on such expeditions. Maud had forgotten her shoes, and then when these had been found mamma insisted that Mabel should fetch some more wraps and not go out in the wintry air after her severe cold, &c., &c. Then there was a discussion as to how the party should be packed, until the eldest son of the house, after a hasty exchange of whispers with his sister's pretty little friend now visiting them, declared that he would drive himself; and strangely enough there was, it appeared, nothing that the young lady liked so much as riding on the outside of a carriage. At length the expedition gets off, and when it is fairly started a discovery is made to the effect that the usually faithful hall clock was wrong, and that the time is really ten minutes before what it was supposed to be. This annoying truth is conveyed to the driver, who interrupts his *tête-a-tête* to say all right, and just touches the near side horse with his whip. On they go merrily, amid fears and hopes and constant requests to the coachman to make haste; but he knows that the good horses are doing their best, and only turns round to nod a reply. No signs of the train. Can it be gone? No! there it comes puffing along just as they turn up the incline leading to the station. The stationmaster and porter are on the alert, and the anguish of missing the ball is not to overwhelm the light-hearted party. Maud whispers to her brother that they have nearly missed the train through his flirting with Annie, instead of attending to his horses; but this is quite unjust. Certainly, however, they were cutting it fine.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES XII.

THE subject of our illustration represents the death of Charles XII. of Sweden, and in submitting it to our readers, we will give a short outline of the life of this great warrior. Charles XII. when only twenty-two years old, commenced his military career and invaded Russia, inflicting a crushing defeat upon the Russian army at the battle of Narva. Two years later the whole of Poland fell into his hands, and on the 31st of July, 1702, he entered Cracow. In 1707 he again fought the Russians, his most embittered enemies, and against whom he had sworn eternal hatred. But, like Napoleon, he was doomed to incur the fatal consequences of an aggressive war against the Northern Colossal, and at the battle of Pultowa, on July 8, 1709, Charles's romantic campaign came to a disastrous end in that country.

Some years after Charles was taken prisoner by the Turks at

Bender, and was detained for a long time at the Court of Stamboul. With his adventurous escape from there, and his flight through Central Europe to the shores of the Baltic, all our readers are well acquainted. In October, 1714, Charles was again in his native country, and in his campaign against the Danes was killed in the trenches before Friedrichshall, where he was found lying dead in the snow by his attendants, who had left him only a short time before the fatal shot struck him.

The incident selected by the artist is that when the fallen King is being borne off by his guard over the Swedish Norwegian borders. The appearance of the wintry landscape and the dejected yet noble bearing of the true old weather-beaten Swedish warriors lend a double charm to the composition of the artist, Cederstrom, whose work deserves especial praise, both on account of its truth to nature, and the artistic effect which he has developed in its execution.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Everybody knows that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the divine song of joy which the angels sang to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity, was the first Christmas carol. But nobody knows when the various earthly echoes of that heavenly carol was first heard upon earth. That it is of very ancient date is certain, for the fathers of the earliest Christian Church were wont to sing these sacred canticles among their clergy. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," mentions a licence granted in 1562 to John Tysdale for printing "Crestenmas carowles auctorissed by my lord of London," and of these some are supposed to be still extant and yearly sung by wandering children in the gloom and cold of winter evenings ushering in the great Christian holiday. If so, we are assured of at least one thing, the angelic carols the artist has suggested are very different pieces of music from those which run

God bless you, merry gentlefolks,
Let nothing you dismay.

THE INTERNATIONAL DAIRY SHOW AT DUBLIN.

SHELBURNE HALL, DECEMBER 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th.

MANY people have read Professor Sheldon's exhaustive lecture on the production of milk, and butter-making—delivered some few nights since in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society—and it will, perhaps, be of interest if we proceed, with reference to our drawing, to point out how Ireland, as the acknowledged butter-making centre of the world up to the present, has been benefited by the exhibition just past. Crowds have come and crowds have gone, all I trust edified by the beautiful display of cleanliness and neatness whereby those of a colder and more inhospitable clime have nearly come to the front in a generous strife with us as to what nation could exhibit the most pleasant and tempting emollient in the shape of butter. And Ireland with all her backwardness has won; won against high-class machinery and the "patentest" of most perfect patents. Carlow, with her simple antiquated churns, and her old-time set pans, and Monaghan acting under the undisturbed dicta of centuries, seem to have come out triumphant in their exhibits, and set the butter-buying world in a frenzy as to who should have the lion's share of their products. This is all very well, but there is a deeper deep yet, and if the Irish farmer-folk will now only learn the invaluable lesson of cleanliness, then the Dairy Show of this year will have done a something of which its promoters may be proud of in after times. The material is here, but alas! so is the waste, and of what does it avail that the richest of our dairy farms sends forth its thousands of pounds of the golden transmuted cream if a fourth, or sometimes even a third of their exported treasure be returned as unfit for food, or sale, from dirt?

To those who have originated this Show the thanks of humanity generally are due; for, setting aside all of oral teaching, they have shown by plain visual demonstration what may be achieved by patience, by perseverance, by perfect cleanliness, and by minute attention to often over-looked or uncared-for details. The pretty Norman girl who, with a graceful German beauty, went through all the simple business of the dairy, in sight of the visitors, must have raised an envious thrill in the bosoms of some of my fair countrywomen that stood a tip-toe to watch their every move. No hand was supposed to touch the sweet delicate material during its rapid and many changes from the time it came in yeasty seething from the cow until it lay a lovely golden mass before you. The cream was separated from the milk, then rapidly gathered away by wooden scoops, tossed into a rotary churn, and turned out by beautifully clean wooden scoops once more, taken under a rotating fluted press, wherein any of the remaining milk was squeezed out, and finally delivered on to a table, a piece of freshness and beauty to tempt the very gods themselves.

The Show, I am glad to say, was largely attended, and it was no fault of the spirited originators if it were not more so; for railway tickets admissible to the exhibition were to be had over the length and breadth of the Green Isle. The Rev. Canon Bagot was simply ubiquitous; his giant form was to be seen here, there, and everywhere, now describing the constituent parts of milk to an admiring and interested audience, now describing the tortuous intricacies of the separators or the rotary churn to a simple, frieze-coated Carlow man and his good woman, and anon emphasising his belief that the firkin system as it exists in Ireland should be bundled out of the land without a blessing. Messrs. Stephens, Townsend and Robertson paid marked attention within the enclosure, describing everything that needed description and bearing patiently being overlooked by the radiant contingent of the foreign dairymaids working bewilderingly near. Mr. Cobbe, Dr. Moss, Professor Sheldon, Mr. Green, and last, not least, Mr. Rogers, the courteous superintendent, all deserve thanks for their untiring attention to the public and the press, which said public and press will unite I know in wishing them one and all a merry and joyous Christmas.

The youngest of young folk being now aware of how butter may be made by machinery—I was nearly saying almost without milk at all—perhaps it might not be out of place to give a Carlow man's version of how they do it down there where they won the "gould medal," as he says. "We jist get the milk from the cow, you know," says he, "and thin we place it in low flat tubs to set; here we let it remain some sixteen or eighteen hours at a stretch, and then skimmin' it, the crame is put into large crocks, which in very cowlid weather we place

near the fire-side to keep up the heat. You see this afther a time we churn in one of the ould churns, and thin comes the butther, and, begannys, afther thet the goold medal; while we take the skim milk to market and sell it to whosomdever will buy it, and, be the lawneys, if you wor at a market in Carlow ye'd often see thirty or forty donkey's carts of a morning laden wid skim churns along aich side o' the shreet. It's nate clane dhrinkin'. Though, be me sowl, I'd like somethin' stronger, sir, for all that. Would ye let me ax ye plazze where's the refreshment room?"—and exit the Carlow man.

The Cattle Show was a sad falling off from those of bygone years. One side of the Agricultural Hall served to stall the whole of the beasts, while the centre was given up to roots, harness, carts, and goody-goodies for the Christmas time. Sheep were few, pigs were few, but the galleries had a glorious show of poultry and pigeons.

Taking it all in all, though I know that for many a year the Irish peasant cannot avail himself of, perhaps, even the simplest of the machinery here abounding, yet if nothing else comes of the present International Dairy Show than perfect cleanliness in the making and packing of our Irish butter for the future, then the whirling shafts, the rotary churns, the gleaming milk-cans and vats, the tempting dairy-houses for from five to forty cows, the snowy firkins with their straw or hemp armour-sheathing, the sycamore butter-fingers, and last, not least, the tiny truthful thermometers, have not been gathered here in vain; and so, as a lover of the dear old isle, I would ask you to wish the promoters "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

AN OLD-FASHIONED PROGRAMME.

The following quaint programme, lately compiled for some amateur theatricals at Manchester, speaks for itself so fully that we give it without further comment:—

As hath been aforetime promised thys Comelie Sheete wille, when ye same shalle be unfolded, discoveres ye Matter pertaining to
A VERIE JOYFULLE ENTERTAYNEMENTE,
Wherebyth it is purposed to delight ye Goode Folke of ye antiente and loyalle Byrghes of MACLESFIELD, MANCHESTER, and ALTRYNGHAME, on ye dayes, atte ye Housre, and inne ye Places following, to witte—on Mondaye, ye 15th Daye of Decembre 1879, at ye HALL, inne Maclesfield aforesaid, wherein ye gallant VIIIth CHESHIRE RYFLE VOLUNTEERS are wont to perfect themselves inne ye Martiall Exercises, ye Doores of ye said Halle wille be throwne open to admit ye Publiack at 7 by ye Clock. On Tuesdaye, ye 16th Daye of Decembre 1879, at ye Playe House ycleped ye THEATRE ROYALLE, inne ye Citie of Manchester aforesaid; ye doores of ye said Playe House wille be invytingly opened by 6 30 by ye clock. On Wednesdaye, ye 17th Daye of Decembre 1879, atte ye RYNGKE for SKATYNGE, in ye antiente Parish of Bowdnone, and adjoiningge ye said Byrgh of Altryngthame; ye Portalles of ye saide Ryngke wille bee soe arranged as to admitte ye Multitude at 6-45 by ye Clock. It is to bee well apprehended that ye Entertaynemente wille begynne at each of the aforesaid Places in ye Evening at 7-30 by ye Clock.

NOTE.—It is purposed by ye kynde players (who doe gyve theire services, and who doe not receive any largesse therefor)
To replenishe ye exceeding emptie Cofferes of ye

XIIth CHESHIRE RYFLE VOLUNTEERS.

so far as in them lies; itte is therefore verie heartilie desired thatte alle folke inne ye several naborhoods shalle attend inne multitudes.

Forasmuch as some of ye players have, if not never then hardly ever, played before so manie folkes and maybe thereby shamefaced, ye goode folkes present are beseeched to look leniently on any shortcomings thereof. Should any of ye playinge delight ye people, they must bee pleased to remember it is unseemlie to stampe with ye feet, as it doeth cause much dust to arise and so choke ye voyces. Ye players wille bee glad to receive applause from ye bringing of ye hands together. Poppe wille not bee sold; nor wille oranges bee vended, by reason of ye slippy nature of ye ryhnde or peeles thereof. Ye goode folke maye dryncke in ye dulcet straines of ye dyvers bandes of musickie.

HERE FOLLOWETH YE BILLE OF YE PLAYE.

IMPRIS there wille bee presented a lyttle Comedie by one
SIR CHARLES YOUNG, Bart., ycleped

"YELLOW ROSES."

Inne whych one Mistress MONCKTON wille playe ye parte of Mistress PEVRIE, and SIR CHARLES YOUNG wille playe ye parte of Colonel ST. CLAIR.
Ye Scene is to bee supposed to take place inne ye Morning Room inne Carysfort Cottage, inne an unknowne Countie.

Here cometh a pause inne ye Entertaynemente, ye whych duringe, ye voyces may bee audyble raysed; ye dyvers persons in commande doe nowe againe heartilie desire that there shalle bee no fyrtinge nor levitie among ye yonge menne and maydens presente. Each maye nowespeake to hys nabor, and, if it seemeth good unto him, he may discourse on ye abilitie of ye Players and others.

ITEM.—Ye players wille nowe Playe ye Comedie inne dyvers Actes, wrytten by one Master CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM, ycleped
"A LESSON INNE LOVE."

YE SCENE.—Ye Believue Boarding House.
Winkleborough on ye Sands.

And ye various partes therein wille bee played by ye severall dames and gentles as followeth:—

Captain Freeman	SIR CHARLES YOUNG.
Master Orlando Middlemark	Master MONTAGU.
Master Babbelbrook	Captain HOLLIDAY.
Miss Anastasia Winteberry	Miss JOHNSON.
Miss Edith Leslie	Miss EWART.
Mistress Sutherland	Mistress MONCKTON.

Now cometh ye merrie Entertaynemente to an ende, and ye Goodlie Companie wille bee pleased to depart in a seemlie mannere, as soone as maye be conveniente vnto them, or sooner.

Lette alle ye yonge Menne and Maydens of Altryngthame and Bowdnone observe that there wille bee a
GRAND BALLE OR HOPPE
AT ALTRYNGHAME

during ye moneth of January 1880, to whych ye said yonge Menne are bidden to bryng theire Sisters and theire Cousins, and theire Aunts, if so bee ye last named bee comelie; and ye Maydens are prayed to bryng any stranger-Damsels whom they knowe to bee of goode abilitie to mingle inne ye mazie daunce.

They that doe desire more knowledge ament thys goodlie and joyfull Entertaynemente, must patiently tarry for a more fytting time, when ye dyvers matters to bee comprehended wille bee perfected. They wille bee admonished further at a more profitabill season.

"GOD SAVE YE QUEEN."

Thys sheete is vended for ye sum of THREEPENCE; if he that doth dystribute ye same shalle take more largesse therefor he shalle obtain for himself ye bagge or sacque.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON recently sold the Autograph MS. of Handel's opera *Amadigi*, 73 pp. folio, for £35 10s., and that of Mozart's Quintett in D major, 39 pp., for 43 guineas. They were from the collection of the late Mr. F. Smee, of the Bank of England.

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This Magnificent Establishment, just opposite the Sea and Baths, finest situation in the town, recommends itself to Travellers for its great Comfort, excellent Cooking, and Moderate Charges.

The GRAND HOTEL is open all the year round. During the Winter Months the prices will be (for Board and Lodging inclusive) from 10 to 14 francs per day, according to floors occupied. Nothing will be neglected to secure visitors every possible comfort.

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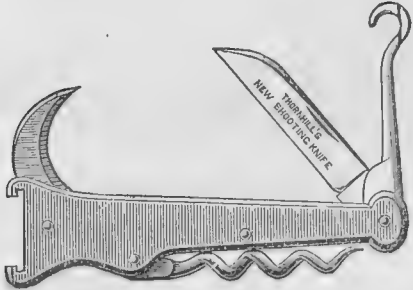
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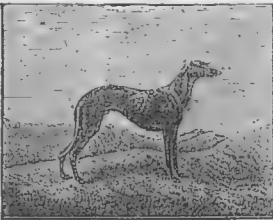
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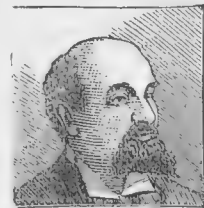
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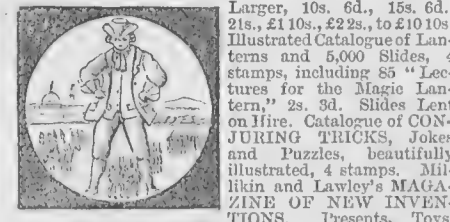
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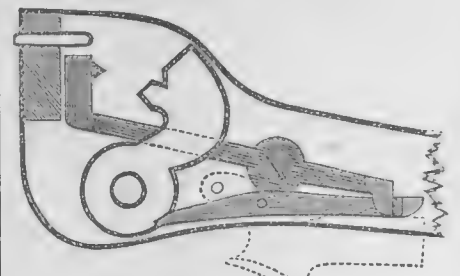
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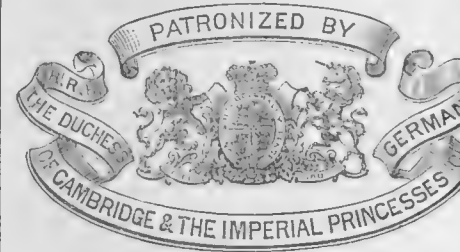
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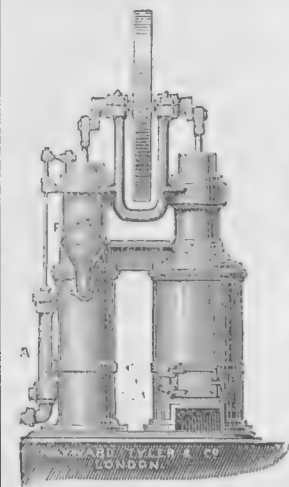
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CLANRONALD, bay horse (foaled 1873) by Blair Athol out of Isilia by Newminster out of Isis by Slane; winner of the Criterion Stakes, beating Springfield; valuable as a stallion.

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FLAGEOLET, at 100gs.

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Cadet is by Buccaneer out of Dahlia by Orlando, and was the best horse of his year in Austria; he won five races as a three-yr.-old, including the Austrian Derby and The Emperor's Prize at Vienna.

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CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadman out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell. At 15gs, groom's fee included; his foals are unusually good.

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HAMPTON SUMMER MEETING, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, JUNE 17th and 18th, 1880.

Starter: Mr. Mc. GEORGE.

Judge: Mr. J. F. CLARK.

Clerk of the Course: Mr. C. J. LANGLANDS, Epsom.

FIRST DAY.

The following Stake closes on the First Tuesday in January next, and Nominations are to be made on or before that date to Messrs. Weatherby, No. 6, Old Burlington-street; to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, No. 23, Conduit-street, London; or to the Clerk of the Course, Epsom.

THE CLAREMONT STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h.-ft. with 200 added, for two yrs. old, colts, 9st., fillies and geldings 8st. 10lb.; entrance, 3 sovs. each; five furlongs, straight.

SECOND DAY.

THE KING HAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h.-ft. with 150 added, for two yrs. old, colts, 9st.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 10lb.; the winner to be sold by auction for 500 sovs., or less with allowances. Entrance, 3 sovs.; 5 furlongs.

Full particulars in Calendar.

HAMPTON AUTUMN MEETING, 1880, 21st and 22nd SEPTEMBER.

FIRST DAY.

THE GARRICK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 3 ft. to the race fund, with 150 sovs. added, for two yrs. old, colts, 8st. 10lb., and fillies, 8st. 7lb.; five furlongs.

SOUTHAMPTON RACES, 1880, will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 1st and 2nd of JULY.

Under the Rules of Racing.

*. The following stakes close and name on Tuesday, January 6th, 1880, to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London, or Newmarket, or Mr. J. D. Barford, Clerk of the Course, Southampton.

FIRST DAY.

THE CRANBURY PARK STAKES of 15 sov each, 7 ft. and 3 only to the fund if declared by the first Tuesday in May, with 100 added if three horses start. For two-yr.-old, colts 9st, fillies 8st 11lb; winners 4lb, twice 7lb extra; five furlongs.

SECOND DAY.

THE STONEHAM PARK STAKES of 10 sov each, 5 ft. with 50 added, if three horses start. For two-yr.-old, colts, 9st; fillies, 8st. 11lb; winners once 4lb, twice 7lb, and of the Cranbury Park Stakes 10lb extra, but no other penalty; five furlongs.

SIXTH FIELD TRIAL DERBY for PUNTER and SETTER PUPPIES born in 1879 will be run in MAY next. First Prize, £100; best opposite bred, £50; two £20 Prizes. Entries close January 1st, to G. LOWE, Secretary Kennel Club, 29a, Pall Mall, London.

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staring an idiotic examiner in the face for fully five minutes, he pretending all the while not to have seen it? Secondly: Why, just as you have recovered from the effects of the official visit and have re-arranged yourself with, perhaps, your feet on the opposite cushion, if the door opens and another passenger gets in, should he be certain to choose the very seat where you have deposited your legs, notwithstanding that there may be three or four other vacant places, and that by sitting opposite he inflicts the maximum of discomfort on both? Thirdly: Why is it that the carriages are built with a projection, whereupon you are supposed to recline your head if disposed to sleep, but to effect which purpose you must perforce sit bolt upright, the said projection invariably being, for ordinary mortals, some four inches too high? and why, if either you yourself or your next door neighbour, neglect to assume the rigid and perpendicular position necessary, but venture to fall asleep in a more comfortable posture, should it be very long odds that you find yourself reposing peacefully on his shirt front, or *vice versa*?

Before I had arrived at any solution of these phenomena, the train ran into Crosby Junction, and, together with a foot-warmer, which, so far as I could make out, was filled with cold water, there entered a portly individual, whose vocation was plainly stamped on his garments—to wit, a horse-dealer. After a lapse of a few minutes, during which time the portly one kept the door open, he was joined by another member of the fraternity, who, from the likeness between them, was evidently his son. After we had started again, the father began the conversation by saying to his son, "Jim, I wonder how the old gent likes his horse," at which the youth allowed a smile to steal over his face, and remarked sententially, "Lucky you got the money down, dad." Who, I wondered, was the old gent? Somebody else's "Uncle John," perhaps, I thought, and began to reflect on the possibility of his having a nephew to risk his neck over doubtful purchases. I felt a curiosity on the subject, as I knew most of the inhabitants of the country we were approaching, and made up my mind to try and find out. So turning to the elder I said, "I see, sir" (it is always "Sir" in a first-class, "Mister" in a second, and "Mayster" in a third, I have noticed), "that you know something about horses, and, being a stranger in this country, I should be extremely glad if you could tell me where I am likely to pick up a couple or three at a reasonable price. I have a commission to buy three hunters for a friend in London, and am going down to a place called The Grange, to look at one belonging to a Mr.—Dawson I think is the name; but I should be glad to hear of two others. By the way, do you know what sort of cattle Mr. Dawson keeps?" As I concluded my speech, which I thought decidedly artful, I saw father and son exchange significant glances, and then my portly friend replied, "Well, sir, you've come to the right shop for what you want. I have three of the very best you ever clapped your eyes on. If you will favour me with a call to-morrow or the next day we might do business. Though I must tell you that I am a one-price man and keep none but the best. Perhaps, sir, you would take my card," and he presented for my inspection a highly-glazed piece of pasteboard, whereon was imprinted:—

JOSHIA BELL & SON,
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Hacks, Muxford.
Harness.

When he saw that I had digested the contents and had transferred the card to my pocket, he continued in a more confidential tone, "I'll give you a little bit of advice, sir. Don't be too sweet on Mr. Dawson's horse; I know he has one for sale which he bought up in town, a rare good 'un to look at, but a regular beast. If he takes it into his head he will do nothing but stand still and kick, and if he can't shift you at that he'll lie down and roll. Poor old gentleman! he was awful took in over it. He should have come to me. You can't mistake the 'oss, it's a big upstanding bay with a white stocking on the near fore. But here's Muxford, so I'll wish you good day, and 'opes to see you to-morrow or the next day. If I ain't at home my son here will show you the nags," and he got down. Just before the train moved on again, however, he came to the window and said, "Don't you buy the bay 'oss on no account."

It was not hard to put, in this instance, two and two together, and when we arrived at Slopton I had quite made up my mind where the "new horse" had been bought. On getting out of the train I was nearly deposited under the wheels by a vigorous slap, administered in the centre of my back, coupled with the remark, "Why, my lad, you look like a Polar bear in that ulster. It isn't cold. How are you?" Having recovered my equilibrium I turned round and encountered the jovial face of Uncle John, whose nose, however, belied his speech anent the weather, for it was glistening red like the sun through a London fog. "I'm all right, uncle," I replied, "I can see you are. How are they all at the Grange?" "Fit as fiddles," responded my guardian. "Grace is outside in the carriage, so get your traps together and let's be off. By-the-bye, I have such a grand new horse for you to try. You shall ride him on Tuesday, when the hounds meet at Abbot's Hill. A big upstanding bay; such a beauty! Got him dirt cheap; but there, I'll tell you all about him when we get home." "Has he got a white stocking on the near fore?" I asked. "Yes; how the deuce did you know?" queried my Uncle. "But look sharp with those things; you take as long collecting your traps as a fox does to leave a big wood." Alas, poor me! I thought. It is Mr. Bell's horse, and I went out to see Cousin Grace with anything but a feeling of "pleasures to come." The sight of her dear face and the warmth of her greeting, however, soon made me forget all about the white stocking, and the journey home was passed in questions asked and answers given. She told me that on the morrow the remainder of the party were expected down, among them old Lady Ventnor and her son Lord Ventnor, a young gentleman who gave himself considerable airs on the strength of his title, and for whom I had an intense dislike, owing perhaps in a great measure to an idea that he had designs on Grace's affections, which, although I had never hinted a word of love to her, caused me more uneasiness than I liked to say. As a set-off against this (to me) obnoxious element, my old school-fellow and almost brother, Jack Fisher, was already in the house, together with his sister, who was A 1 across country or in a ball-room, and the life and soul of any house she might be staying in. Old "young ladies," no doubt, used to shake their heads and say, in their jealousy, that she was "so fast;" but a better girl, in every sense of the word, than Lettie Fisher did not exist, despite her boisterous spirit and reckless daring. Naturally, when we arrived at the Grange, Jack and I had lots to talk over—old days, old sayings, and old friends; and in the smoking-room, when Uncle John, seated in his favourite arm-chair, with a long churchwarden, fast colouring from constant usage, in his hand, endeavoured to inflict on us a detailed description of the big upstanding bay, we simply refused to listen to him, and I told him I would prefer to form my judgment from actual experience.

Next day the rest of the guests arrived, and I had the pleasure of seeing young Ventnor doing his little best to ingratiate himself with my cousin. I am afraid that my manner showed that something was wrong, for after dinner in the drawing-room Grace, having for a moment freed himself from his lordship's attentions, came across to where I was sitting moodily contemplating the piano, and said, "What is the matter, Ned? You look as cross as two sticks. Everyone will think you have committed a murder if you go on staring into vacancy. Ventnor says you would make a beautiful Hamlet." "Very likely," I retorted. "I was just then thinking with the Prince of Denmark (that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably). Tell Ventnor I am highly flattered by his opinion of me as a representative of the Dane." Grace only raised her eyebrows and left me to my thoughts, which were interrupted by the arrival of the butler, who informed Uncle John that the stud groom was waiting for orders about the morrow. My uncle, who had gone to sleep over his paper and was still in the land of dreams, astonished us all by saying, "No more, thanks; not a drop more. Excellent claret, but no more, thank you." However, the roar of laughter thoroughly awoke him, and he proceeded to tell us off to our respective mounts. Of course it fell to my lot to ride the "new horse." Ventnor had brought his nags with him. Jack and his sister were to ride The Drake and Tophorn, two of the best hunters in the country, while Grace had her own mare Kitty, Uncle John reserving to himself his favourite animal Corkscrew, so called from his ability to bore through any bullfinch in the world. Having arranged these matters, candles were lighted and we all retired, the ladies to bed and the men to the land of tobacco and long tumbler. "Are you nearly ready, Ned? It's a lovely day," said Jack, as he rushed into my room on the following morning to borrow a razor (Jack had a way of borrowing razors and a most inconvenient habit of forgetting to return them). "Tell you what it is, if I were you I should take plenty of sticking plaster in your pocket, and, if you have any, a bandage or two, for James (the footman) has been gratifying me with an account of your mount for to-day. He says, no one can ride the beast if it takes it into his head to be obstinate, and that it has nearly reduced one of the helpers to a wafer by going down with him at exercise and rolling over with him." "Well," I replied, "you are a nice sort of Job's comforter—Here, drop it"—as Jack seized my razor. "Do for goodness sake go and get one of Ventnor's." But he turned a deaf ear and, making good his retreat, left me to struggle into my boots and reflect on the pleasures of the chase before me. When I arrived down stairs I found everyone assembled at breakfast in full hunting fig and Uncle John sticking up for his new purchase, utterly refusing to believe Jack's history of the brute's manners. "Ah! Ned," said he, as I entered the room, "they are all trying to put me out of conceit with my nag, but you will show them a different story; even if he is a little awkward, which, mind you, boy, I don't believe, he will find his master to-day, eh?" "Ladies and gentlemen," said the incorrigible Jack, rising, "I venture to propose a toast with which I am sure you will all agree—ahem. The toast is that of my esteemed friend Mr. Edward Milford, who is about to be created Master of the Rolls." Shouts of laughter greeted this sally from all except Grace, who remarked, "I think it is a great shame to chaff my cousin, and if there is any accident you will all be sorry." I thanked the dear girl by a look, and turned my attention to pigeon pie, ignoring Ventnor's question as to "whether I did not feel too nervous to eat?" Ten o'clock saw us under weigh, and strangely enough the big upstanding bay was on his best behaviour, and walked along by the side of Kitty most sedately—a circumstance which Ventnor, who hoped to monopolise Grace, did not seem particularly thankful for. Arriving at the meet in good time, I found myself in the midst of a host of old friends, who admired my horse, and said he looked all over like going. The first draw from Abbot's-hill was a cover called "the Rough," and it was noted for being a very nasty one to get a start from, as there were only two ways to choose, either through a boggy hunting gateway at the corner, which was always kept closed until the fox was away, or over a rasping great fence with a ditch fully 10 feet broad on the far side, which was, to say the least of it, not an inviting object to commence with. Knowing the topography of the land, I slipped down to the gate as the hounds were thrown in, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a fine old fox steal away and make across the long grassfield on the other side of "the Rough." Giving him a few moments to make good his departure, I holloed, and down came the whole field pounding away for the gate. Directly my uncle's steed heard them coming he began his tricks by shooting up straight on end; a crack between the ears with my crop and a gentle reminder of both spurs as he came down fully roused his temper, and, placing himself across the gateway, he started to kick in a way I should never have believed possible. With his head (notwithstanding all I could do) nearly touching the ground he pirouetted round in a circle, lashing out viciously the whole time, and rendering it perfectly impossible for any one to pass. A few adventurous spirits charged the fence, but the majority of the field were kept back, and seeing that hounds were running hard with a burning scent, blessings (or the reverse) fell fast and thick on my devoted head. At last, after I had thrashed him till my arm ached and tried everything I could think of to induce him to shift his ground, the brute played his trump card, and down he went as if he had been shot, rolling over into the ditch, where he lay, and sending me flying well into the middle of the boggiest place, but fortunately clear of himself. Covered with mud, and my hat squashed flat, I presented a pretty picture as I picked myself up and scrambled out of the way to allow the more fortunate sportsmen a means of egress, which they were not slow to take advantage of. Grace, riding through, pulled up on the other side, and asked me if I was hurt. "Not a bit," I said, "go on, I am all right, only take care of yourself." "Don't get on that brute's back again, dear boy," shouted Uncle John. "It has frightened me out of my life. I thought you were going to be killed." "Never mind me, uncle, you will lose the hounds if you wait here; get for'ard and see after Grace, I will get this beast home," I replied, and beckoning to two labourers who were standing, gazing at the prostrate form of the upstanding one, I sent for a cart-horse and ropes, and we soon had him out of the ditch, and standing thoroughly subdued in the field. The saddle tree I found smashed and the stirrup iron crumpled up, so there was no use in trying to go on. The horse was not damaged luckily, with the exception of some hair off, but I had to lead the brute four miles home, and had had quite enough of it by the time I reached The Grange. "Good Lord! sir, you are in a mess," remarked the stud groom, "I was afraid there would be sommut happen. He is a nasty one; why I rode him myself the other mornin' into the village, and he played me the very identical caper, just before you come to the bridge. He wouldn't pass that there duck pond by the pub., and when he went down as near as a touch put me into the water. The lads do tell me as nothing will make him go by there now. Ah, master should a listened to me, and not go a-buying nags from a pair of coppers like them Bells of Muxford." "Oh," I said, "he came from Bell's did he? I thought so," and I recounted my conversation in the train.

When the rest returned, of course, they had had a capital

day, and I (as is usual in these cases) had to stand the brunt of many condolences and much sympathy with my bad luck. I bore it for some time, but a climax came at dinner. Everybody, Uncle John included, had been vilifying the new purchase, when young Ventnor broke in with an affected drawl, saying, "Ah, yes, but a fella, you know, should *not* ride such a horse unless he knows how to prevent him rolling. It aint safe—ah—you know." Grace flew up in arms in a moment and, with her eyes flashing with anger, said, "I do not believe, Lord Ventnor, that you or any man could have prevented the horse rolling. My cousin Ned can ride as well as most men, and" (here came the unkindest cut of all) "anyhow I do not think *he* would have turned away from Cleasby brook." Then, catching my eye, she stopped short, and blushing crimson betrayed her secret. For I knew in that moment, that she cared for me, and that I had nothing to fear from fifty Ventnors. Uncle John, seeing how the land lay, said, "Well, Ventnor, if you are so confident that my nephew ought to have done better, you shall have a chance of showing him how, for you shall ride the horse to-morrow, if you like." Ventnor was about to reply, when Grace gave the signal for the ladies to retire, and as soon as they had gone, and we had drawn round the fire, Jack turned to his lordship and spoke up as follows: "If you ride the bay to-morrow I'll bet you ten sovereigns he puts you down." "Oh, yes, I'll—ah—ride him, and take your bet, Fisher," replied Ventnor. "I'll do more than that," said I, "I'll lay you £50 to £30 that you do not ride from this door to the village and back in half-an-hour; it's under a mile, so you have ample time." "Ah—done," quoth the young gentleman, and the bets were promptly booked, the time being fixed for the start at 10 a.m.

Next morning everybody, from my uncle down to the boy who cleaned the knives, turned out to see Lord Ventnor give me a lesson in riding. Jack, Lettie, and Grace I had let into the secret of the duck-pond, and thither we repaired to see the fun. In a few moments along the road came Ventnor with a sort of "I told you how it would be" smile on his face. A snort—a full stop—down went the bay's head, and up went his heels. "Mind he doesn't roll with you, or it will cost you forty pounds," shouted Jack, and "Look out, man," as the animal's fore legs began to tremble. Nearer and nearer the pond they got, when all of a sudden down dropped the new horse, Ventnor jumping off as he fell, but unfortunately for himself he caught his near spur in the saddle as the animal turned over, and with an "oh!" from the two girls, we saw him disappear head first into the pond, while the "white stocking" made tracks homeward as hard as he could go. "My dear sir," said Jack, as we pulled the dripping lord out of the pond, "a fella, you know, should not ride unless he knows how to prevent a horse rolling; it isn't safe, you know." This was too much for both Grace and Lettie, and they were forced to retire in order to hide their laughter. Ventnor was so angry that he would not speak, and he paid us our money with a very bad grace the same evening. However, it taught him a lesson that it will take him years to forget. I told Uncle John after this of my meeting in the train with the Messrs. Bell, and he decided at once to send the brute up to Aldridge's, where the fine upstanding bay fetched exactly 25 guineas, and was dear at that.

On Christmas Eve I ventured to ask Grace for a Christmas present, to wit, herself, and as Jack, who was my best man, said at the wedding breakfast, "though the mount was not a pleasant one, still, as it was instrumental in obtaining for me my wife, I had no right to be too hard on "Uncle John's new horse."

ZAZEL has met with an accident at the Chatham Circus. She fell from a great height, but was fortunately caught in the accident net. She retired declaring that "she was killed." After an interval she was able to go through the remainder of her performance.

ON Wednesday week a large and fashionable company assembled at Eridge Castle, Sussex, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny, when a match of cricket on skates was played on the lake in the park. Among those present were the Marquis of Abergavenny, the Earl of Lewes, Lord and Lady Henry Nevill, Lord and Lady George Pratt, Lady Mary Pratt, Lord George Nevill, Lady Idena Nevill, Lady Rose Nevill, Lady Violet Nevill, Sir Walter and Lady Caroline Stirling, Captain Moreland, Captain Stanley Williams, Major Blackburne Maze, Miss and Miss Beatrice and Master Blackburne Maze, the Hon. Henry Hardinge, General Sir Seymour Blane, Colonel and Mrs. Sheffield Grace, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Barrow, and Mr. Stanley Puckle. Refreshments were provided on the ice for all comers.

THE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—The first race for the Skating Championship of England, under the auspices of the National Skating Association, took place on the 8th at Thorney, Cambridgeshire, on the estate of the Duke of Bedford. The committee decided that the rewards which the champion should receive should be the champion scarf of blue silk, with white silver edging and silver mounted, which he is to be entitled to hold so long as he is champion; a silver-mounted badge, which he is entitled to retain; a pair of very fine skates presented by Marsden Brothers of Sheffield, the sum of £10, and such portion of the interest of the sum which the association hopes to invest as may be hereafter determined. Other money prizes were offered on a sliding scale from £5 for the second man, so that every winner of a race should receive a prize, and even losers were to receive back their entrance fees if they started and did not, in the opinion of the judges, wilfully lose. The championship course was, after a good deal of deliberation, fixed at a mile and a half with three turns. At least 10,000 persons from the Fens and other districts attended; and 30 skaters started. The Fen men were entirely successful, Fish Smart distancing all competitors and becoming champion amidst great excitement. The course was lined on both sides for a quarter of mile five or six deep, whilst behind the crowd were a large number of waggons from which farmers and their wives looked on with great interest.

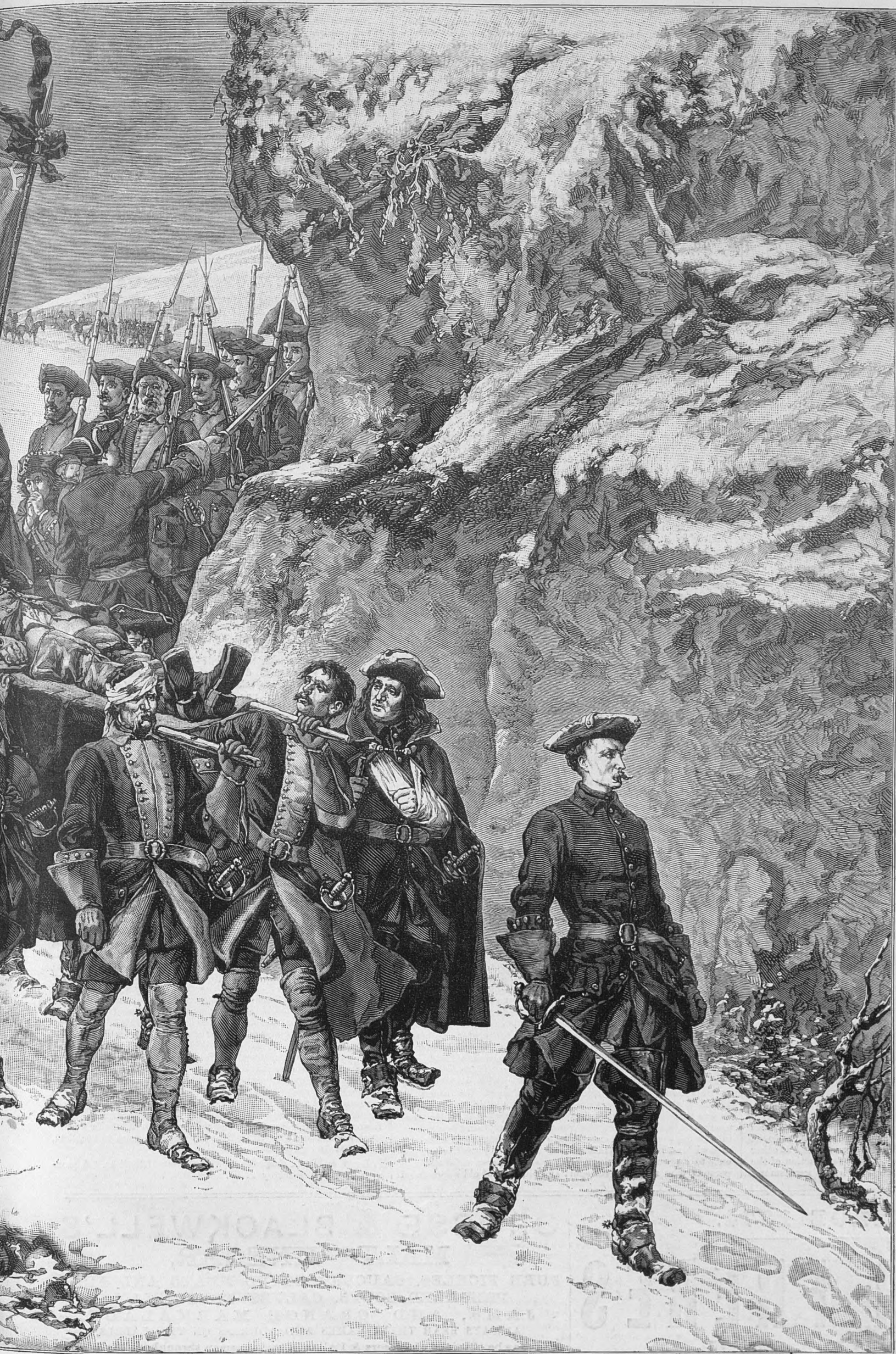
SPORTSMEN find that at Hunt meetings and all sporting parties, nothing is so truly acceptable to the Field as the Sportsman's Quality of GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY, prepared expressly with the finest Cognac Brandy, in combination with the juice of the celebrated Kent Morella.—50s. net per dozen, of all Wine Merchants, or of Thomas Grant, Distiller, Maidstone.—[Adv't.]

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HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Adv't.]



DEATH OF CHARLES



CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. GLENDINNING.—We are much obliged for your report, which we intend to notice fully next week.
E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.—Your game is very welcome, and your memory the right sort of friend.
A. T. N.—We thank you for your laudatory remarks, and kind promise. Solution to Problem No. 259, by "Julia Short" and J. G., is correct.

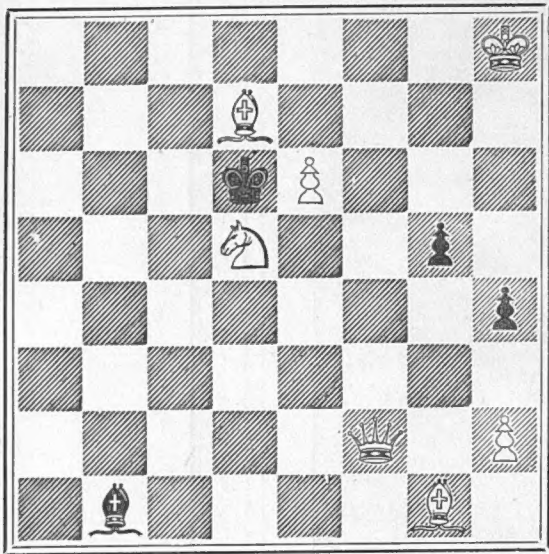
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 253 (Mr. Hazen's)

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q takes P Kt takes R (a)
or B to B 3
2. Q to B 5 (mate)
(a) 1. Q to Kt 2 (b)
2. R to K 7 (mate)
(b) 1. Q to K 3
2. R to Kt 5 (mate)

PROBLEM No. 260.

By R. ORMOND.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT BATH.

A pretty little game played on December 1st between Mr. E. Thorold and a lady amateur of considerable strength, the former giving the odds of Q Kt.

[Remove White's Q Kt.]

WHITE. Mr. Thorold.	BLACK. Miss T.	WHITE. Mr. Thorold.	BLACK. Miss T.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	10. Q to Q 2	Kt to K B 3 (c)
2. P to K B 4	P to Q 4 (a)	11. B takes B	P takes B
3. P takes Q P	Q takes P	12. Kt to B 4 (d)	Q to R 3
4. P takes P	Q takes P (ch)	13. Q R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq (e)
5. B to K 2	B to K Kt 5	14. Q to Kt 4	K Kt to Q 2
6. P to Q 4	B takes B	15. Kt to K 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
7. Kt takes B	Q to B 3 (b)	16. Q takes Q P	P takes Kt
8. B to B 4	B to Q 3	17. R takes P	Q to R 4
9. Castles	Q to Kt 3		

And white announced mate in three moves, thus:

18. R to K 8 (ch) Q takes R
19. Q to Q 5 (ch) Q to B 2
20. Q takes Q (mate)
Or 18. Q to Q 5 &c.

- (a) Always the best mode of evading the gambit, but especially so when receiving the odds of Q Kt.
(b) Black evidently played thus to retard white's castling, but the move is futile, and the Q badly posted. When the Q makes an early appearance on the battle-field, she ought to seek a safe and, if possible, offensive position from which she cannot easily be dislodged; here perhaps her best course was to check at R 4 and then retreat to Kt 3.
(c) Limiting still further the action of the Q, Kt to K 2, or Kt to Q B 3 would have avoided the troubles entailed by the move made.
(d) Having paralysed or imprisoned all his opponent's officers, white now assails the black King with a force and brilliancy worthy of his reputation as a first-class odds giver.
(e) K to Q sq would have prolonged the fight, and afforded black an opportunity of dying gloriously.
(f) White's end play produces a very pretty picture.

CHESS CHAT.

A HABIT has lately sprung up in the Chess world which threatens, if unchecked, to grow rapidly, and the prevalence of which would inflict serious injury upon our game. This habit is that of identifying writers with their lucubrations, and holding persons and not journals responsible for anonymous articles. Time was, and not long ago, when a different system prevailed; when all unsigned articles were rightly regarded as the utterances of a journal, and not the mere expression of individual opinion, the writers being responsible to their chiefs, and the journals to the public. But this rule is being rapidly and openly abandoned; a bumptious and clamorous clique has changed all that, and introduced a new order of things. With these people the question is, not, what does this or that journal say? but, what does 'Otter or Jinks say? and woe betide the luckless critic who has had the audacity to espy a cook in Tom Thumb's wonderful problem, or a flaw in Furioso's magnificent combination, or a fallacy in Whitechapel's chop logic. If his analysis cannot be disproved or his arguments refuted, then recourse is had to something external, not merely to the points at issue, but to Chess altogether. Sometimes the writer's personal appearance or his dress is adduced as a proof of his incompetence or his unfairness; and at other times the question is settled to the seeming satisfaction of the grumbler by his proclaiming the critic to be no gentleman!

As a rule I find that these *pronunciamento*-mongers are singularly disqualified to form a correct, or even an approximately correct, judgment upon this delicate subject; and, indeed, the more disqualified they are the readier are they to proclaim their opinion. To hear some *connoisseurs* of good manners speak, you would fancy that the right to the title of gentleman was to be determined by the colour of a man's hair, or the length of his foot, or the cut of his coat. But it must be confessed that some of them go deeper into the question than this, and are guided in their judgment by matters of more importance. They have certain criteria of what constitutes the character of a gentleman, such as the following. Does the candidate for the title wear a gold chain or a diamond ring? Does he play chess for a shilling a game and move rapidly? Does he give good dinners to good fellows (ourselves, of course, included)? Does he pay any tourney expenses? I remember a chess player once saying to me, "Do you know—?" "Yes, very well," I replied; "and a fine fellow he is." "A fine fellow! do you really think so? No, he is no gentleman." "No gentleman, you surprise me," said I. "I will prove it," he rejoined; "he is rich, and yet has never subscribed one shilling to any of my testimonials!" I met another acquaintance a short time ago, who spoke of a friend of mine in a manner by no means complimentary, whereupon, in accordance with the custom which used to prevail amongst English gentlemen, but is now, I fear, confined to Olympians, I defended my absent friend, and accidentally referred to him as a gentleman, repudiating the insinuations brought against him. "A gentleman! he is not—he is a rascal! a villain! He's no gentleman!" I demanded his reasons for these epithets. "Reasons!" he exclaimed; "last week I asked him for the loan of five pounds, and he refused me!"

MARS.

COACHING IN 1879.

MORE than "forty years since" "Nimrod" wrote:—"The taste for the *Whip* has undoubtedly declined," and decline it did with a vengeance till 1862, when coaching may be said to have reached its *Nadir*. In that year Clarke and his Brighton coach, by way of Mickleham and Horsham, ceased to run, and, to use the words of "Nimshivitch," in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1877, "there was a lull until, in 1866, a sporting joint-stock company instituted one, *via* Croydon, for the summer season." The Brighton road, which in "Nimrod's" time had no less than twenty-five coaches running on it in the summer, thus saw the last of the old and the first of the new public coaches. From 1866 the coaching revival has gained such force and spread in such a remarkable manner through the kingdom that none but an unreasoning pessimist can refuse to believe in its genuine and permanent character. Leaving its triumphs farther afield for a future article, we shall confine our present observations to its fruits in the home and adjacent counties. On looking at the statistics of the last four years—and for the greater part of these statistics we are indebted to the lists of coaches annually issued by Messrs. Hooper & Co., the well-known coachbuilders, of 117, Victoria-street—we find that while nine coaches ran from London in '76, eight in '77, and nine in '78, there were no fewer than fifteen on the road in '79, a large and, we venture to think, significant increase, when it is borne in mind that agricultural distress and commercial depression reached their culminating point in the year which is now nearly over.

No one, we suppose, who starts a coach in these days has the slightest hope that it will pay its expenses, but the more nearly it can be made to do so the better for the pleasure-seeking public as well as for the pleasure-giving proprietor. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that though prices have gone up generally and steadily since 1837, coach-hire is pretty much what it was then. "Nimrod" says, "they (coaches) are generally hired from the maker at from 2½d. to 3d. a (double) mile." The price is now 1½d. a (single) mile. We were also glad to learn that the horses sold at the end of the season fetched extremely good prices, in some instances averaging more than they cost. Strange as this may appear to the uninitiated, it is quite natural, for, again to quote "Nimrod," "coach horses increase in value as they acquire condition, and are found to be equal to their work." He put the average price of horses at about £25, or for fancy teams and those working out of London, at £30. In several cases this year the average was over £50, and in more than one above £60, which, it need scarcely be said, is nothing to the rise which has taken place in horses of a higher class.

To return, however, to our statistical mutttons. The Box-hill coach, which was absent in 1878, made its reappearance under the auspices of Sir Henry de Bathe, Mr. Hunt, and Lord Arthur Somerset; and Baron Schroeder and Colonel Chaplin revived, but unfortunately only for a couple of months, the popular coach to Sevenoaks. New coaches to Thames Ditton (Mr. Robinson), and to Virginia Water (Captains Jacobson and Hartopp), ran from the White Horse Cellar, as did all the London coaches, except the much-wanted Greenwich coach, which started at the St. James's Restaurant, and the well-laden Hampton Court coach, which went from the Horse Shoe. It was the starting of the two last-named conveyances that caused a witty friend of ours to exclaim, "The Restoration of coaching is an accomplished fact." The event of the season, an event deserving of a far brighter and better season than that in which it took place, was the appearance of Captain Carleton Blyth's Inter-University coach, "Defiance," which left Oxford at 9 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and Cambridge every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at that hour. Thirty minutes were allowed for lunch at Hatchett's, and the distance of 112 miles was performed in twelve hours, including stoppages. Fownes was the professional coachman, and Cracknell the guard, and everything being done in the best style, the enthusiastic reception the "Defiance" met with on its line of march was particularly gratifying, not only to its own belongings, but also to those old-fashioned persons who rejoice to see sport and pluck as of old appreciated

and honoured by Englishmen. Cheering as are these incidents, and satisfactory as are all the reports and statistics of coaching which have come to hand, we cannot avoid giving expression to the general regret that the Tunbridge Wells coach is a thing of the past, and that the Portsmouth, which had the grandest of all roads, and which had a coachman in Captain Hargreaves by no means unworthy of its road, has been—though only temporarily we trust—abandoned.

Apropos of Captain Hargreaves, we may mention that the "Independent," which he, Captain Stovell, and Mr. Secker ran to Uxbridge, from the 20th of January to the 20th of March, has not returned to its duty on that road, and that the only winter coach now going is the St. Alban's. It is the only coach, too, since the old ones were knocked off by steam, which has run for twelve months without missing a single day—no mean performance, when we consider the snows and frosts of our last Siberian winter.

Readers who have not travelled by it will perhaps forgive, readers who *have* travelled by it will certainly thank, us for informing them that it began its career last year on the 4th of November, and that it duly celebrated its birthday this year by labour and refreshment, for after having taken a good load to St. Alban's and back to the Cellar, it thence adjourned to the Horse Shoe, where the fun was fast and furious, and, dinner over, its crew (of its original crew, by the way, the "Major" and Selby alone stick to the ship) and passengers wound up an extremely pleasant evening by drinking to the good "Old Times" "potations pottle deep."

R.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

PATEY & WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough-street.—"The Wishing Stone," 4s., written by H. Conway, composed by J. L. Roeckel. This is a very pretty song for tenor or barytone. The words are well written, the melody is varied and charming, and the change of accent in the refrain is happily introduced.—"A Summer Dream," 4s., by the same authors, is a duet for mezzo-soprano and tenor. The words—with the exception of the faulty rhyme "bosoms" and "blossoms," and the phrase "a sky ever sun"—are well written, and pleasantly embody the epicurean philosophy. The melodies are agreeable, and are simply but effectively harmonised.—"England's Might," 6d., words by S. Gibney, music by M. B. Foster, is a patriotic part song—melodious, and simply harmonised—composed for the boys of King Edward's School, Witley, and of more than average merit.—"Madeline," 4s., by J. de Sivrai, is a remarkably graceful pianoforte solo of but moderate difficulty, and worthy acceptance in every drawing-room.—"Air à la Bourrée par Beethoven, transcrit pour le piano par J. de Sivrai," 4s. This is a well-arranged transcription of a familiar melody, and its brightness will recommend it to pianists.

METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street.—"I will seek her whom I adore," 4s., words by F. B. Maddison, music by L. Arditi. The words of this song are of average merit, and Signor Arditi's fertility of melodic invention is exemplified in the music. It would be well, however, in future editions to correct the erroneous accentuation in such passages as "draped in black," "With a love so divine," &c.—The three songs, 4s. each, "The Servant's Song," "The Solicitor's Song," "True, true love," and the duet, "Strictly proper," from Mr. Alfred Cellier's lively vaudeville, *After All*, will be heartily welcomed, and will be found as effective in private as they were during the long run of the piece from which they are taken.—"L'Attaque," 4s., a "galop militaire pour piano, par E. Dorn," is characteristic and effective.—"Morning Chimes," 4s., by the same composer, is a "caprice matinal pour piano." The leading idea is cleverly developed, and opportunities are afforded for the display of taste and executive skill.—"The Toreador's Song," 4s., is a pianoforte arrangement by B. Richards of the well-known popular air in Bizet's *Carmen*. The transcription has been made in Mr. Brinley Richards's happiest manner. The original idea has been respected, and it is only in the sparkling Coda that the transcriber has given play to his own inventive fancy.—"Melodia Brasileira," 4s., by P. De Vos. A pretty and original melody, with arpeggio variations of the popular kind.

DUFF & STEWART, 2, Hanover-street, W.—"The Pilot's Farewell," 4s., words by S. Doudney, music by G. Lardelli. The verses, in which a pilot, on leaving an emigrant vessel, commends its living freight to the care of a "Greater Pilot" than himself, are far above the average, and merit special commendation. The music is simple, but melodious and sympathetic.—"Prince or Peasant," 4s., words by E. Oxenford, music by J. L. Roeckel, is a pretty ballad in which a rustic love story is agreeably told, and the music is tuneful and appropriate.—"There's glory in the soldier's life," 3s., words by J. Siree, music by H. Clarke. The words are mediocre, the music is spirited.—"L'Etoile du Bal," 4s., by G. Lamothe; a melodious set of waltzes, well arranged for the pianoforte.—"Merry Christmas," 3s., by F. Bernard, is a schottische in the key of C major; the introduction, in the same key, commences with the chord G B F G (!) The dance melody is graceful, and well suited to ballroom purposes.—"The Sport Galop," 3s., by S. Vinentini, is melodious and full of animation.—"The Pauline Waltz," 4s., by J. H. Clarke, contains many graceful phrases.—"Gavotte in the ancient style," 3s., by the same composer, is a remarkably successful illustration of the old dance rhythm. The charming quaintness of the melody is enhanced by ingenious counterpoint, and pianists can scarcely find a more attractive gavotte.—"Earl Haldan's Daughter," 3s., S C T trio; words by the Rev. C. Kingsley, music by G. A. Macfarren. Professor Macfarren has set congenial music to Kingsley's well-known lines, and this trio will be a welcome boon to vocalists, both private and professional.

LYON & HALL, Brighton.—"Christmas Bells," 4s. A pleasant Christmas song by T. W. Davidson.

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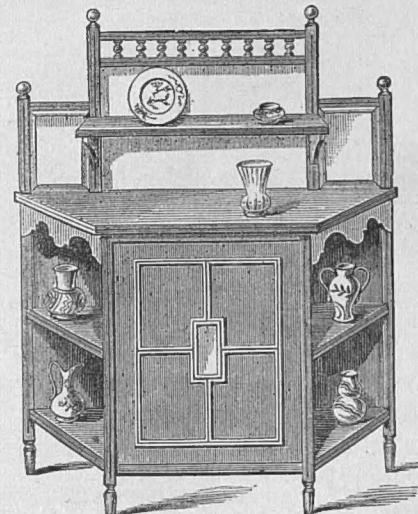


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The genuine only in Pink Wrappers. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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DELICIOUS and MOST WHOLESOME.

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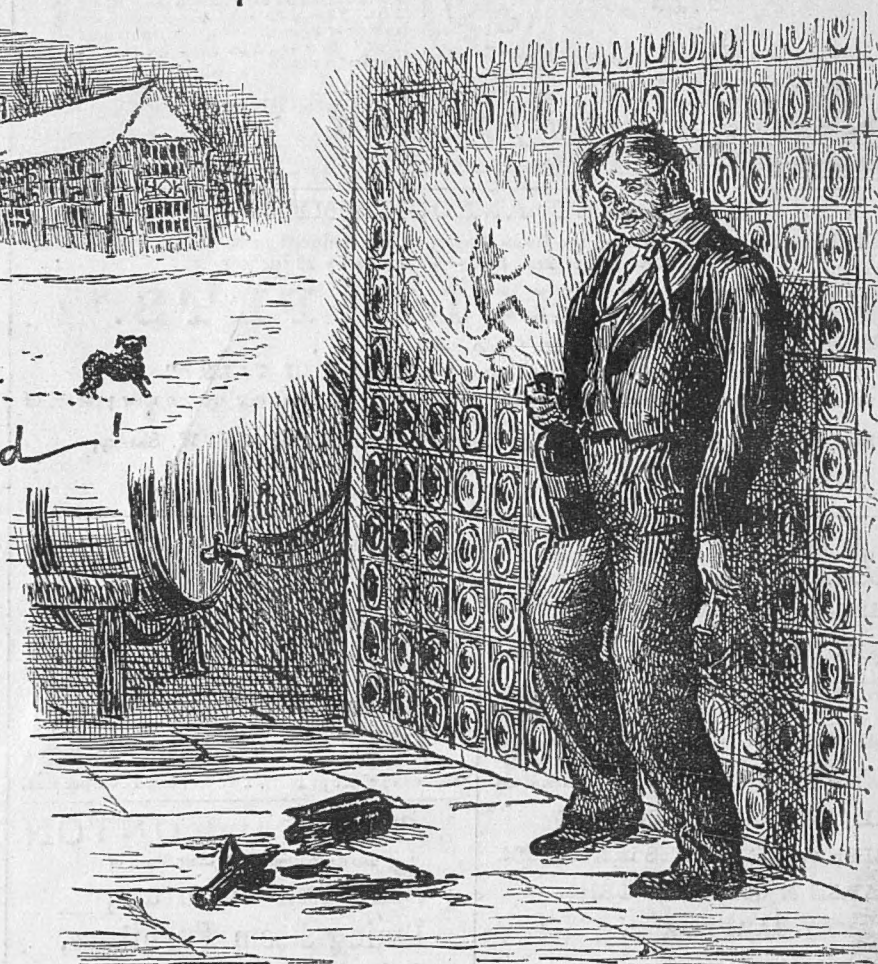


There was no doubt the old house was haunted. Kate was attacked by an ugly great Ogre in the very drawing-room.

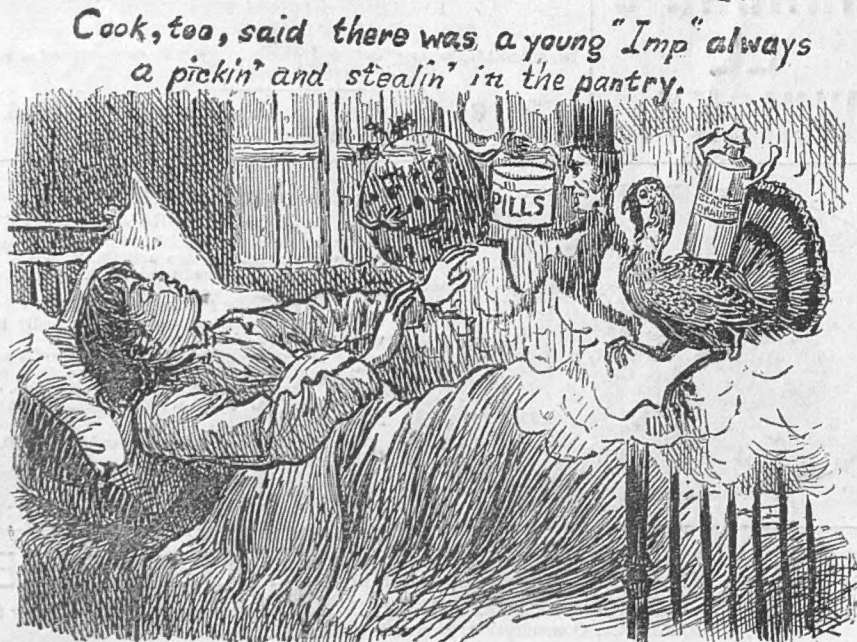
There was no mistake about this; for Aunt Tabitha saw it.



Haunted!



And the butler unquestionably felt that he was in the presence of "spirits."



Cook, too, said there was a young "Imp" always a pickin' and stealin' in the pantry.



Grim spectres haunted Master Tommy's slumbers.

And the Squire distinctly saw the Ghost of the Old Year.

R. P. Dollman.